The Literary Digest

A WEEKLY COMPENDIUM OF THE CONTEMPORANEOUS THOUGHT OF THE WORLD

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Wm. Rulloeller
1902

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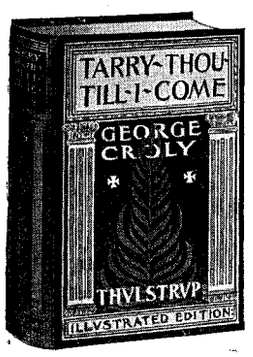

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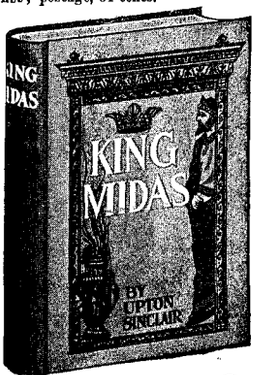

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The Literary Digest

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

TARIFF HELP FOR CUBA.

THE news that distress and disorder are impending in Cuba, and can be averted only by tariff concessions that will allow Cuba to sell her sugar crop in the United States, brings out a good many expressions of sympathy in the American press, and the sentiment seems to be pretty nearly unanimous that Cuban sugar ought to be admitted at half the regular tariff rates. President Roosevelt terms a reduction of tariff duties on Cuban imports a "vital need," and says that we are bound to such a course "by every consideration of honor and expediency." And General Leonard Wood, the military governor of Cuba, says in an article in *The Independent* that the failure of the Cuban sugar and tobacco industries will bring "ruin and disorder," and "it might produce a result which would necessitate another intervention; but it would destroy Cuba's confidence in us as a people and would put us in a very undesirable light before the world." Secretary Root declares that if the sugar industry fails, "we may expect that the fields will again become waste, the mills will again be dismantled, the great body of laborers will be thrown out of employment; and that poverty and starvation, disorder and anarchy will ensue; that the charities and the schools which we have been building up will find no money for their support and will be discontinued; that the sanitary precautions which have made Cuba no longer a dreaded source of pestilence, but one of the most healthy islands in the world, will of necessity be abandoned, and our Atlantic seaboard must again suffer from the injury to commerce and the maintenance of quarantines at an annual cost of many millions."

These pleas are opposed by the New York *Press* (Rep.), a paper that stoutly resists any infringement on the protective tariff, and by some of the papers published in the cane and beet sugar-fields of Louisiana and California. The New Orleans *Picayune* declares that "should Cuban sugar be allowed to compete on equal terms with the domestic sugar product, a heavy blow will be struck at the sugar industry of the United States," and it goes on to say:

"If that vast amount of sugar is to be precipitated upon the market of the United States, paying little or no duty, it will deal a most serious blow to the domestic sugar industry, while it will play enormously into the hands of the sugar trust, otherwise known as the American Sugar-Refining Company. That powerful concern will then have absolute control of the sugar market of the United States, while now it is restrained to a considerable extent by the sugar production of the United States. . . . Louisiana has lands that could furnish all the sugar required for the people of the United States if they were cultivated, and, under favorable conditions, in no distant period they will be. But everything depends upon the influence the sugar trust will be able to exert in Congress."

The San Francisco *Call* (Rep.) takes a similar view. It says:

"To expose a few of our industries to unrestricted Cuban competition while leaving other industries fully protected would be to throw the whole burden of helping Cuba upon the exposed industries alone. That would not be fair. If we are morally bound to help Cuba, the obligation rests upon the whole people and not upon a few industries. The help, therefore, should be given in the form of a subsidy, and not in the form of free trade for her principal products.

"The people of the United States have freed the Cubans, and now the Cubans should be left to work out their own salvation. The plea made in their behalf is invalid, whether made as a business proposition or as a sentimental appeal. Whatever duty we owe to Cuba, our first duty is to our own people, and one of the cardinal features of the home duty is that of protecting the industries upon which our workingmen depend for a livelihood. As the President himself has said, 'that is the prime consideration of our entire economic legislation.'"

The New York *Press* says:

"If the American people on sentimental grounds think they ought to give Cuba $40,000,000 this year or every year, let them go down into the pockets of all the American people for the gift, and not into the pockets of a few interests selected for proscription and spoliation. If Governor Wood or President Roosevelt or anybody else wants Santa Claus to stuff that forty millions into Cuba's Christmas stocking, why in the name of American industries and American decency should the forty millions be filched from two or three stockings in the fireplaces of American homes? Why not from all?"

Aside from the papers just quoted, however, the vast majority of the American press are as unanimously in favor of tariff concessions to Cuba, as they were in favor of free trade with Porto Rico when that matter was up in the last Congress. The sugar fields of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the United States produce only a quarter of the sugar that this country consumes, and the papers think that the entire Cuban crop would not greatly affect the sale of our home-grown sugars. Even if it should, thinks the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "a duty so plain and so pressing is not to be evaded by any considerations touching the profits of the beet-sugar industry of the Northwest, the interests of the Louisiana cane-growers, or the privileges enjoyed by the sugar-planters of Hawaii. If these are to be adversely affected by cutting in two a protective duty of 100 per cent., they can not be said to be worth the cost of preserving."

Señor Gonzales de Queseda, special commissioner of Cuba to this country, says in a newspaper interview:

"Cuba needs help, needs it at once, now, to-day. The removal of even half the present duty on sugar would place her on a firm base; the removal of the duty would be—well, a boon, a godsend.

"The present crop of sugar will be ground, yes, but what will

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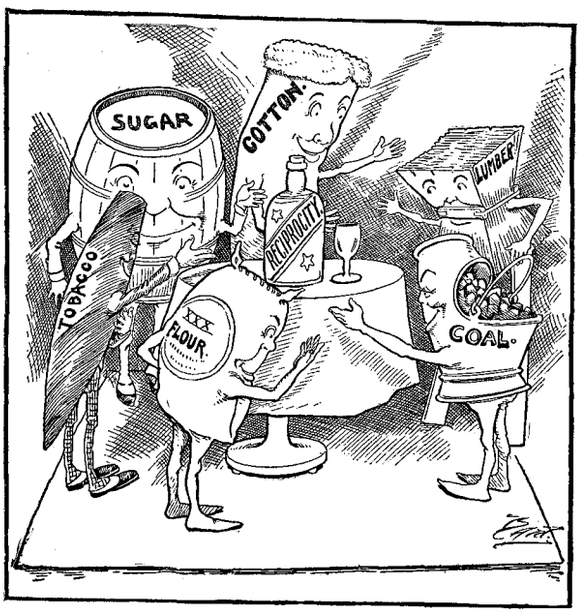
happen in the spring when it is time to plant sugar? Where will planters get money for that? You see what a crisis impends. The planter is at the end of his resources now; that is, he can have his present crop ground, but unless something is done for him, for Cuba, he has no hope for another crop.

"Now turn to this view of the case. On a plantation there are, say, a thousand employees. That means that fully 5,000 persons are dependent upon the plantation for their living. Stop work on the plantation—and whence will come the food for those 5,000?

"Are the men going to starve if there is any possible way in which to obtain food? There are communities of thousands in Cuba in which there are no police officers, and not a chicken or a cow is stolen from one year's end to another. Will this condition continue if you throw the people out of employment? No, both the cow and the chicken would go in a moment. And there you have brigandage. President Roosevelt knows how much trouble a thousand or five hundred men can make in a province if they set out stealing."

The New York *Tribune* (Rep.) says:

"Cuban purchases from the United States are decreasing, while Cuban purchases from Europe, especially from Great Britain and Germany, are increasing. That is the salient and significant feature of the situation. In 1899 we sold to Cuba $36,773,657 worth of goods, and in 1900 only $32,197,019 worth, a loss of $4,576,638 in one year. This year the loss will probably be still greater. In the eight months ending with February, 1900, our sales to Cuba amounted to $24,415,649, and in the eight months ending with February, 1901, they amounted to only $19,050,457, a loss of $5,365,192 in two-thirds of a year, or at the rate of $8,047,788 in a year. At the same time the British and German sales to Cuba increased from $11,855,915 to $13,446,104, a gain of $1,590,189 in eight months, or at the rate of $2,385,283 in a year. In 1900 the sales of those two countries to Cuba were three times as great as they were in 1895.



A POLITE CROWD.

EACH TO THE OTHER: "You first, my dear friend, you first!"
—*The Minneapolis Journal.*

"That is the condition, as well as the theory, which confronts us in Cuba. It would seem to be high time for the farmers, manufacturers, and merchants of the United States to determine what they are going to do about it. There seems to be only one thing to do that will be consistent with both honor and interest. That is to make such a reciprocal arrangement with Cuba as will assure to us the major portion of her trade. Such an arrangement was made in 1890, under the direction of Harrison, McKinley, and Blaine, with the result that our sales to Cuba were doubled in two years. Republicans should not be afraid to restore the provisions of the McKinley bill. Americans should not refuse to free and independent Cuba that which they granted to a colony of Spain."

MUST SANTA CLAUS BE ABOLISHED?

THE severer morals of our day menace even the supremacy of Santa Claus, and the question is being seriously debated whether parents are justified in deceiving their children by making them believe that the Christmas legend is a true story. Says *The Sunday-School Times* (Philadelphia):

"A child's imagination is far more active than an older person's. And a child, even a very young child, knows the difference between fact and fancy, between dead literalism and the use of the imagination. It is therefore true that a child ought to be indulged in the proper exercise of his imagination or fancy in connection with Christmas and its enjoyments. But it is also true that a child, even a very young child, knows the difference between fancy and falsity, between 'making believe,' or pretending, and telling what is wholly untrue; and therefore it is not proper to overstep the line between fancy and falsity in dealing with a child, so that the child shall have his confidence shaken in the one whom he ought to trust absolutely. . . . . .

"Christmas is the day observed in commemoration of the human birth of our Lord and Savior. It is fittingly observed by the giving of gifts, as Jesus was the Gift of gifts. The watching for gifts, at this season, and the wondering what they may be, meets the pleasant imaginings of the children. The securing and trimming of a Christmas tree, and keeping the sight of it from the children until Christmas Day, or the hanging and filling of the stockings of various members of the family after night has shut in on Christmas Eve, gives added play to the imagination of the little folks. Even the introduction of St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as a message-bearer and a gift-bringer, with words of 'make-believe' like those concerning 'Jack Frost' on the window-pane, may be accepted, without harm to any, if all be properly said by parents and understood by children.

"But if the children be previously told as a reality that St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, comes in his sleigh, drawn by reindeer to the house-top, and then comes down the chimney to give his gifts, or fill the stockings, that is a falsehood, as distinct from a fancy as to an imaginary personality, and there is harm, and only harm, in the deception."

The Chicago *Tribune* thinks that Santa's gray hairs, if nothing else, should protect his august personality from the hands of the vandals. "He has lived to see automobiles preferred to reindeer as a means of locomotion," it continues, "and to have his travels through chimneys marred by the odors from gas logs, yet he has persisted in his benevolent habits in spite of these drawbacks, and it seems a pity to add anything more to his pack of miseries." The Louisville *Post* pretends to stand aghast at any proposal to limit Santa Claus's dominion. It says:

"No child was ever the worse for Santa Claus. Kindness begets kindness; generosity begets generosity. Deceit finds no door here. As well speak of the injury done by Æsop's fables or the Arabian Nights. If Santa Claus is to be abolished, then abolish Robinson Crusoe and Alice in Wonderland and Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, and King Arthur, and all the legendary tales of loyalty and love, truth and valor. . . . . .

"What, close the chimney to Santa Claus? What, refuse under orders to the police to permit the reindeer to use the roofs of our houses as their eternal thoroughfare? No stockings by the fireside! No watching for the first light of a Christmas morning! No fond delusions as to gift and giver! No tree made bright with stars of silver and lighted candles! No hushed awe at the sound of distant bells drawing nearer! No breathless watching of door or chimney! No stranger, yet friend, clothed in the furs of the north, his beard white with the snows of many Christmases, but his eyes bright with love eternal! None of these! No whisper from the young, 'I am glad you came!' No waiting for the dawn of truth dispensing truth's twilight! These are among the dearest memories of those who dare remember. These are the soberest, sweetest, truest influences that mold life and character, under whose teachings truths 'wake to perish never.'"

MR. CARNEGIE'S Christmas lasts all the year round.—*The New York World.*

CUBA'S letter to Santa Claus is a long one. Also, Cuba's stockings will be found over the fireplace Christmas, New Year's, Fourth of July, Sundays, holidays, and St. Patrick's day in the morning.—*The Chicago News.*

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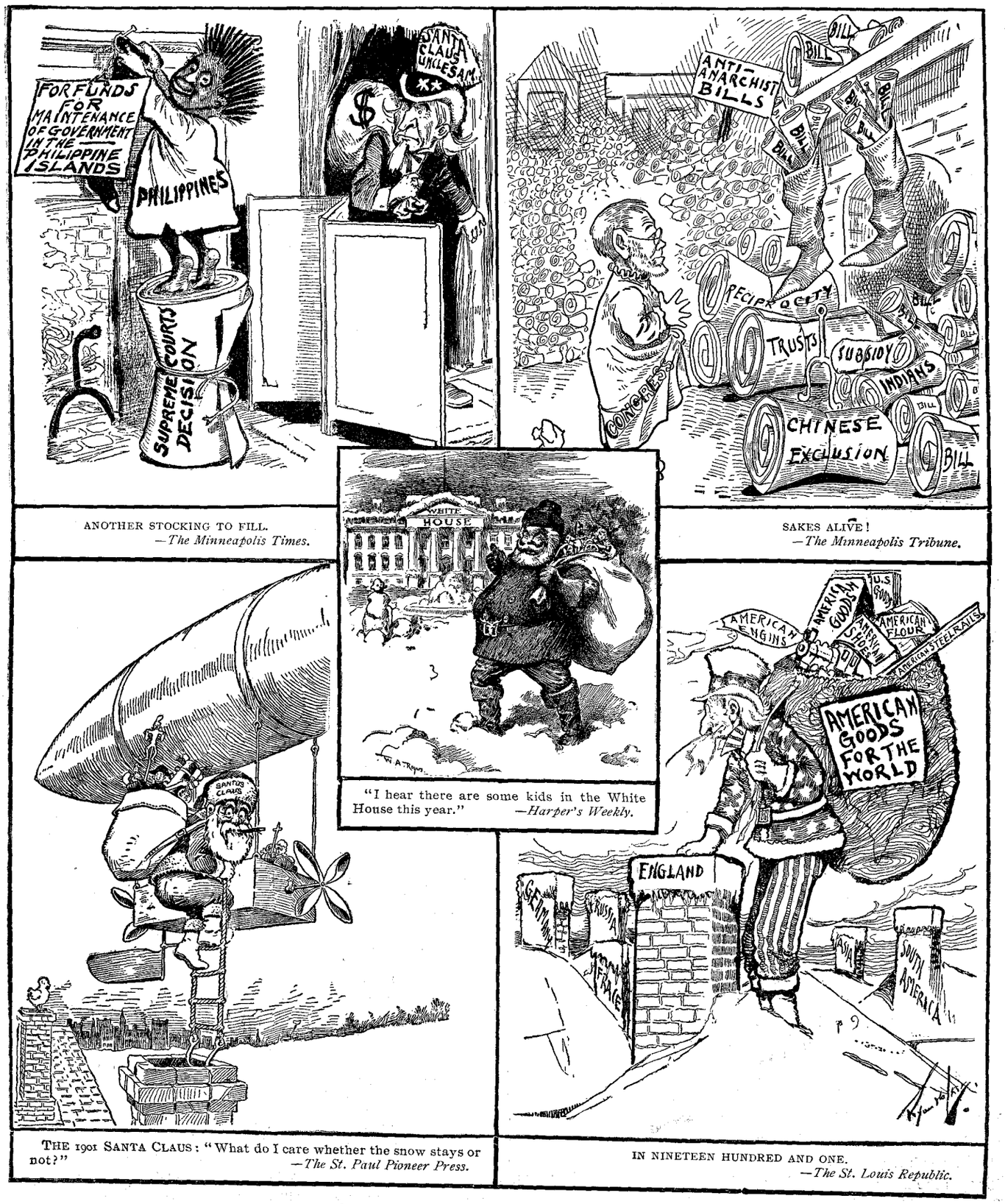
CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS OF AN ANTI-IMPERIALIST.

MR. ERNEST H. CROSBY thinks that the angels who sang "Peace on earth, good-will toward men" nearly two thousand years ago made a "bad break," and that it is no wonder they have "never shown their faces since." For, he observes, "Christianity . . . has been one long record of war and strife, and to-day there are more soldiers under arms than ever before, and far, far more in 'Christian' countries than in those that know not Christianity." Mr. Crosby is not only an anti-imperialist, but a non-resistant of the radical Tolstoy kind, who fails to find any grounds of reconciliation between Christ and Mars. Speaking further (in *The Pilgrim*, December) of the angels' song, he says:

"And yet it was a beautiful dream, that dream of peace and good-will. Men have always been dreaming it and always fail-



ANOTHER STOCKING TO FILL.
—*The Minneapolis Times.*

SAKES ALIVE!
—*The Minneapolis Tribune.*

"I hear there are some kids in the White House this year." —*Harper's Weekly.*

THE 1901 SANTA CLAUS: "What do I care whether the snow stays or not?"
—*The St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE.
—*The St. Louis Republic.*

A FEW CHRISTMAS CARTOONS.

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ing to realize it. The Bible is one long series of such dreams, from the dream of Eden, the perfect country, at the beginning, to the dream of the New Jerusalem, the perfect city, at the end. The ancient Hebrews, forced to make bricks in captivity by the Egpytians, dreamed of a Promised Land, flowing with milk and honey, where there should be plenty for all, and where each man should enjoy the fruit of his labor. When finally under Moses they struck against their tyrannical employers and their great strike resulted in victory, they followed this dream across the desert, and that great law-giver tried his best to make it a reality, and the great Sabbath idea which he wove into his legislation had this object in view. In Egypt, the Hebrews had worked seven days in the week, as workmen still do in the Delta. The fourth commandment was a labor statute, establishing a six-day week, just as we pass laws fixing an eight-hour day. In Illinois they have declared an eight-hour factory law for women unconstitutional, because it takes away their inalienable right to work twenty-four hours a day. On that principle they would have to declare the fourth commandment unconstitutional, too."

Now, the writer goes on to say, the Sabbath has become "a day of imprisonment and restraint," with no suggestion of justice to the laborer. The Mosaic jubilee was an extension of the Sabbath idea; yet when Queen Victoria wanted a jubilee she could think of no better way to celebrate than by marching troops through the streets of London all day long! Nevertheless the dreamers, including Christ, have continued to dream of a kingdom of heaven that is to come upon earth. Mr. Crosby continues:

"And the Christmas festival has kept more of the original flavor of that gospel than any other institution of the church. It inspires still a genuine feeling of good-will toward men. The gifts to children and to friends, the good dinners in asylums and prisons, the gay Christmas-trees and lighted candles, are all symbols of a happier state of society of which we ought to go on dreaming until it is established on earth as it is in heaven, for what is heaven but the ideal toward which we should be struggling? Yes, dreaming is the duty, perhaps the most important duty of man. The man who dreams right, points the way that the world will travel. If we ever lose that vision of justice and fellowship which has ever shown itself to the greatest poets and prophets and lovers of their kind, we shall become as the beasts of the field and cease to stand for humanity."

PRINCELY GIFTS TO EDUCATION.

TWO gifts that, as the New York *Tribune* says, "must excite wonder and admiration even among the American people," were made last week by Mrs. Jane L. Stanford and Andrew Carnegie. Mrs. Stanford's gift of $30,000,000 to the Leland Stanford University in California is said to be the largest gift on record to the cause of education, and, as the New York *Evening Post* says, it makes that university "the richest institution of learning in the United States, and probably in the world." It excites less comment than the smaller Carnegie gift, however, because the $30,000,000 has long been intended for the Stanford University, and because Mr. Carnegie's gift of $10,000,000 founds a new and unique institution. The Chicago *Tribune*, which keeps a record of great gifts to education, says that "during the present year 149 institutions of learning have been given sums ranging from $5,000 to millions," and that "the total to date foots up to $81,415,220!" This makes the year 1901 "the record-breaker" in this regard, it says, and it asks what other country on earth can equal it.

"The University of the United States," which Mr. Carnegie desires to found at Washington, is not to compete with other colleges and universities, but is to be a post-graduate institution, where men who have already completed the courses that other colleges have to offer can come to pursue original investigation. Says the Boston *Transcript*:

"There are at Washington splendid educational resources, and the means of extending them, but they are unclassified, unsorted, and unsystematized. To search for knowledge there is like trying to find pearls in a junkshop. It may be there, but it is not accessible. With about $8,000,000 annually available for the promotion of scientific research, there is evidently an uneconomical employment of the money. It is not wasted. Doubtless the best use possible, under present conditions, is made of it. But the conditions are haphazard and clumsy. The situation may be likened to a splendid industrial plant all ready for the wheels to be set running, but standing silent and motionless for lack of power. Mr. Carnegie now comes forward and proposes to furnish the power."

Whether the "power" thus furnished is sufficient, however, is questioned by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who says:

"While $10,000,000 is a very large sum of money, yet those who are acquainted with the great educational institutions of this country do not regard it as sufficient to establish such an institution on a basis that will give it a world-wide standing. It has been said that this sum of money is equal to the endowment of Harvard University, for instance. While that is true, yet Harvard, it is said, in its buildings and grounds, has property worth probably $20,000,000. In addition to that, Harvard University has about four thousand students, and each of these students is worth $150 a year to the university. This gives an enormous income, so it is probable that the $10,000,000 offered by Mr. Carnegie for this purpose would have to be supplemented in order to make the great university to be founded by him adequate to the educational facilities that would be expected from it. But this fact is not regarded as of great consequence by those who are friendly to the suggestion, as there is a firm feeling that the remainder of the assistance the university may need will be readily forthcoming in the course of time."

The Philadelphia *Press* comments on the Carnegie gift as follows:

"Mr. Carnegie has accomplished the difficult task in the crowded field of education of duplicating nothing. He has found a want. He has met it. Nothing like his proposed foundation exists anywhere. It is needed everywhere. Popular institutions and free competition have produced it. Once more freedom and a free chance are justified of their children.

"A new university the country does not need, tho more than one old one needs more money. A mere university at Washington would be a dubious advantage to education. For the Federal Government to found it would be most unwise.

"A research university the country needs. It is needed above all else in the field of education. Clark University promised to do much; but its endowment is inadequate, and other conditions, into which it is needless to enter, impose a narrowing environment. For its first fifteen years Johns Hopkins was primarily for research. It did much. None ever did more. But as its endowment diminished through the wreck of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and the claims of its undergraduate department grew, its resources for research were cut at both ends.

"To the measure of its resources, each of our large universities does something for pure research—Harvard probably most of all. Columbia in this field ranks close. Chicago is steadily productive. Research depends almost altogether on sheer ability. No university can stand far to the front in this field without conspicuous figures in its faculty who outclass the men in their calling. Research by dull men is but a dull thing.

"Able men a research university can secure. Men in it will not be dried up by teaching. They will be free from the exhausting pressure of classroom work. Their time will be enough at command for long, far-reaching plans. A stimulating atmosphere of fresh discovery will pervade such an institution. The pick of the land, not to say the world, can be secured for such a university as Mr. Carnegie proposes to found.

"Research is not much in the public mind. It is little endowed. But there is no science to-day in which there are not a group of problems waiting for the long, patient work of men with nothing to do but interrogate nature. If the government of the new institution is properly guarded, if it is placed in the hands of men guiding other universities, the new research university will cap and crown our whole system of education with one

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supreme, beneficent, well-ordered place, where knowledge is sought solely for its own sake, independent of all other considerations. Such a university will raise the level of the intellectual life of the nation and carry one step farther the vital organization of its resources. Elsewhere men will study, teach, and learn. In Carnegie University men will discover and the world will learn."

PROVISIONS OF THE NEW SHIPPING SUBSIDY BILL.

THOSE who remember the resolute fight that the majority of the newspapers, Republican and Democratic, made against the Frye-Hanna-Payne shipping subsidy bill in the last Congress will be interested to know that the new bill, introduced into the Senate on the 9th by Senator Frye, is meeting with a very cool reception. It is admitted by its enemies that the present bill is better than the last one, but such financial journals as the New York *Journal of Commerce* and *Evening Post*, and such Republican papers as the New York *Press*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, and the Chicago *Tribune*, and practically all the Independent and Democratic press, score the measure mercilessly.

Among the improvements in the new measure are counted the absence of the provision requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to sign twenty-year contracts to pay the subsidies to the shipowners; the new uniform scale granting the same subsidy rate to all vessels, fast or slow; the provision that a large fraction of the crew of a vessel receiving subsidy shall be Americans; and the requirement that each vessel subsidized shall carry one boy for each 1,000 tons gross register, to be trained in seamanship or engineering. A change that is considered to be for the worse is the omission of the proviso contained in the last bill that not more than $9,000,000 should be paid for subsidies in any one year. In the present bill no limit is placed. Other changes in the new bill are an increased rate for carrying the mails, graded according to tonnage and speed; an extra subsidy during the next five years for new vessels, and an annual bounty of $2 a ton for deep-sea fishing-vessels, and of $1 a month for American citizens when engaged in deep-sea fishing.

The Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.) terms the measure an "unjustifiable grab," and the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind. Dem.) calls it "a brazen attempt to loot the Government." The Baltimore *American* (Ind.) remarks: "Congress has not seen fit to offer the farmer a bounty of fifty cents a bushel on his corn, nor has it deemed it necessary to offer to the wage-earner a ten-per-cent. increase of his daily wages. This would be positively horrifying to the majority of Congressmen, and yet in principle it is the same as giving away the money of the people to a trust for building ships." "If we can not build and sail ships in competition with the foreigner except at a loss," observes the Detroit *Journal* (Rep.), "the fact of loss is not changed by forcing the general taxpayer to make up the difference between the cost of running a foreign-built ship and one built and manned at home"; and the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.), commenting on the same point, says that "the proposition to coax Americans by subsidy grants to engage in a losing business does not commend itself to sensible business-men, who do not like to see capital sunk in unprofitable enterprises." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) says:

"The American shipyards are full of work and can not take contracts for immediate delivery. The owners of American ships are prosperous. There is no scarcity of ships in the foreign trade, but, on the contrary, more ships than cargoes. Freight rates are extremely low, grain being carried across the Atlantic as low as a penny a bushel. The interest of exporters does not demand the passage of this bill. Its object is simply to pay certain people who are doing a remunerative business higher profits. There is no reason why one particular branch of business should be singled out for this sort of favoritism."

Turning to the arguments in favor of the bill, the Pittsburg *Chronicle-Telegraph* (Ind.) says:

"There is no argument or sophistry of the enemies of a ship subsidy bill that can make it plain why this Government should longer submit to the singular anomaly of being a great leader in the commercial and industrial world, and yet suffer only a trifling and insignificant portion of its great commerce to be carried in ships of American build and ownership. Senator Frye's measure is a hopeful indication that Congress will seriously address

A MIXED DRINK IDEA THAT IS PROVING POPULAR.
—*The Philadelphia Inquirer.*

WAITING FOR THE MINISTER.
—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

TWO IDEAS OF THE CANAL.

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itself to the task of remedying this great national error during the present session."

The Salt Lake *Tribune* (Ind. Rep.) says:

We hope to see Senator Frye's bill passed; if not as he introduced it, then in amended form. All other branches of American industry are at their greatest activity and profit. They were put in that condition by the tariff. Without protection, our industries would be as dead as is American shipping. The time has come to endow that with new life, and to exemplify again to the world that the American principle, so much derided and scorned in Europe (but followed as to ships and in many other lines), is sufficient to revive and make strong American shipping, even as it has overshadowed the world with American manufactures."

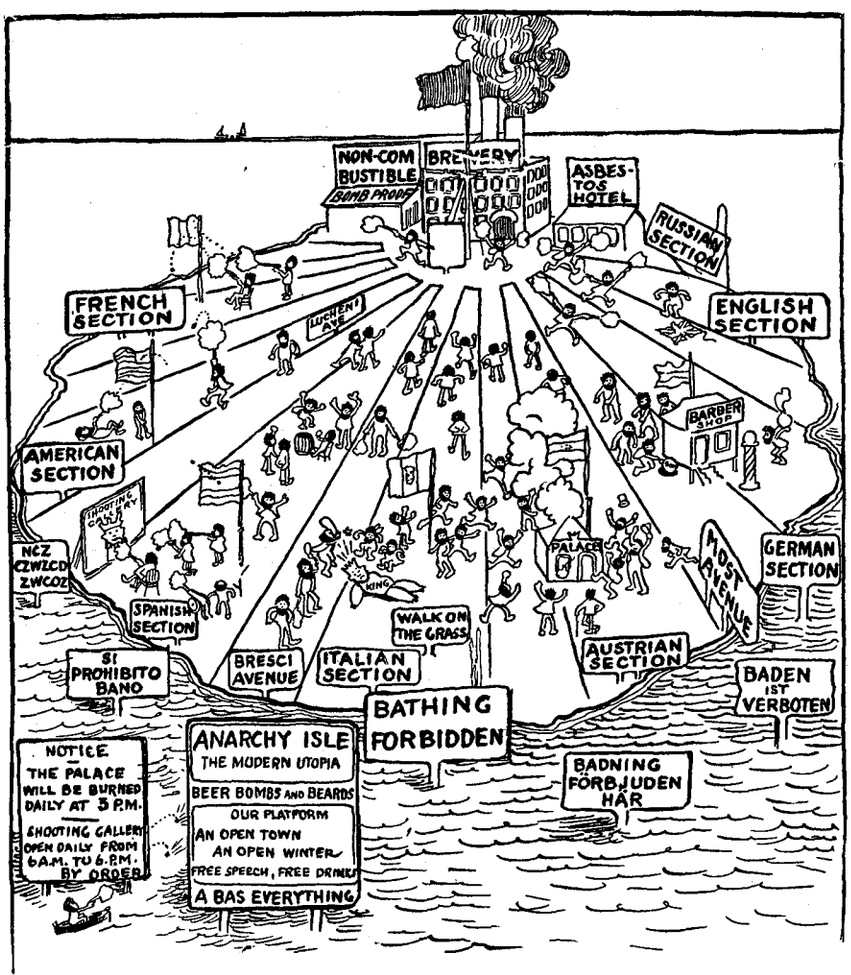
AN ISLAND FOR THE ANARCHISTS.

AMONG the various suggestions made in Congress for ridding the country of Anarchists, none has attracted so much attention as Senator Hoar's proposal that they be banished to some far-away isle of the sea, where they can be allowed to work out their ideas without harming anybody else. Anarchist gatherings in Chicago and New York, in the last two or three weeks, in which the name of Czolgosz has been cheered, have added to the feeling that some repressive measures should be taken; but there does not seem to be any general agreement upon a remedy. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* thinks that Senator Hoar's plan "will enlist the approval not only of the American people, but of all peoples whose governments have been assailed by the red hand of Anarchy," and adds that it demonstrates once more that he is "in intellectual insight and in moral height, equaled by few members of the higher branch of the national legislature." On the other hand, the New York *Times* calls it a "wild proposition" that is "utterly out of harmony with all civilized and modern ideas."

The scheme is indorsed by a number of conservative and influential journals. The Chicago *Evening Post* says: "This is certainly an interesting and original suggestion, and if this free and popular Government should, after full discussion, decide to adopt it, there is little doubt that Germany, France and other—far less advanced—countries would gladly cooperate." "The experiment is well worth the trial," declares the Chicago *Journal*, "and we most sincerely hope that Senator Hoar will reduce his suggestion to the form of a bill that Congress can pass." The Kansas City *Journal* paints in vivid colors its idea of what would happen on Anarchy island. It says:

"As a matter of fact, an Anarchist community, conducted upon Anarchist principles, would be a diminutive hell. Might and greed would rule supreme. There would be no protection of life or property and no respect for any human rights. Murder, rape, plundering, and every species of outrage would make short work of the settlement—if the wretched group of castaways should ever attain to the dignity of a settlement. There would be no industry, no production, no means of sustaining livelihood, for who would be at the trouble of laboring when there was no security for the results of labor? Starvation would speedily claim as victims the few who succeeded in resisting the encroachments of their desperate fellows. The Anarchists know all this. They would regard as appalling any effort to take them away from the protection of laws and government they hate. They don't want to be deported. They don't want to be segregated upon any island or anywhere else. Already in New York they are searching for legal obstacles to save them from the operation of the legislation proposed in Congress.

"What the Anarchists desire is the privilege of remaining under a civilized government with full license to assault its rulers and its institutions. Illogical as such a demand is, that is what they insist on and what they will strenuously contend for. But the American people have tolerated that condition of things as long as they are going to. The evil is going to be remedied, and it is going to be remedied speedily. Congress may or may not adopt Senator Hoar's plan, but it will handle Anarchy with a strong hand. The disciples of Most and Goldman have assassinated one President too many."



"ANARCHY ISLE," SUGGESTED BY SENATOR HOAR
—*The Chicago Record-Herald.*

Many papers agree with the New York *Times*, quoted above, that Senator Hoar's scheme is ridiculous. The New York *Evening Post* declares that "it is hard to discuss the matter seriously," and the Springfield *Republican* observes: "Mr. Hoar's Anarchy island would teach no new lesson—not even to the Anarchist of any intelligence. Whether it could serve any other useful purpose is decidedly doubtful. At least as effective in restraining violent Anarchy, and no more oppressive, would be a home prison, and to this conclusion the discussion of the matter will finally circle around." Other papers wonder how the officers will tell an Anarchist when they see one. "Anarchy of certain sorts," remarks the Chicago *Record-Herald*, "boasts that it is mild and gentle and that it would not harm a fly, much less a human being. Anarchy as a general term is too indefinite to serve for a criminal definition." And the New York *Sun* says: "If there were any physical mark by which the Anarchist and the potential assassin or incendiary could be identified, the idea of a distant penal colony might be a promising one. As it is, the proper subject for deportation could be identified in most cases only by his own confession, or by a process

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based on information and belief. How many would confess? How far would it do to depend upon information and belief?" "Indeed, in the whole controversy on the subject, in and out of Congress," declares the Detroit *News*, "there has not been more than one suggestion of the slightest preventive value, and that is that we take better care of our Presidents when they go abroad. This is a matter for the Presidents themselves to look after, rather than the legislative branch. So long as they continue to indulge in the absurd and vulgar hand-shaking levees, the assassins will be afforded every possible opportunity to kill them."

THE VERDICT IN THE SCHLEY CASE.

HAPPILY for both sides in the Schley controversy, each is still able to claim a partial victory in the verdict rendered last week by the court of inquiry. The Schley partizans profess to believe that Admiral Dewey's opinion far outweighs that of his two colleagues, while the anti-Schley papers claim that the majority opinion should be conclusive. No one appears to have changed his opinion as a result of the verdict, and altho a congressional inquiry is now bruited, it is not claimed that even the result of such an investigation would be accepted. "No further 'inquiry' or 'investigation,'" declares the New York *Herald*, "can effect any change in public opinion or accomplish any other object than to furnish material for sarcastic comment from unfriendly foreign critics." The New York *Times* says that the controversy "never can be settled," and it thinks that "it would be most unfortunate if, by an ill-judged attempt to settle it, Congress should order a further investigation, which could only result in magnifying the scandal." "We do not believe," says the Boston *Herald*, "that any good result, either for Admiral Schley or for the navy of our country, can be obtained by appealing to any other tribunal." Many of the pro-Schley papers, however, are demanding that Congress take up the matter, and more may be heard about this phase of the question later.

The newspaper opinion of the court's findings (which are given at the end of this article) reflect their views of the entire controversy, and afford little that is new. The New York *Evening Post* thinks that the points on which Admiral Dewey dissents from his colleagues are "entirely minor," and the Philadelphia *Press* says that "very nearly all of the criticism of the admiral's conduct in the Santiago campaign is justified by the verdict of the court." The New York *Sun*, the most bitter of Admiral Schley's critics, says:

"Wiping out every part of the court's judgment which is traversed by Dewey's memorandum of his individual views, there remains the most crushing verdict ever rendered against a high naval officer of the United States; and it is pronounced by the court to which he himself appealed, a court made up of his brother officers in the service, the highest and fairest tribunal to which he could possibly appeal.

"We have only these remarks to make at present concerning the verdict rendered unanimously by the court:

"It fixes Schley's place in history. No further agitation of the case by his foolish friends can change it.

"It would drive him disgraced from the service, but for the merciful interposition of time and the lenity that was rightly or wrongly inspired by the ultimate success of Sampson's blockade of Santiago.

"It removes the stain that rested on the honor of the American navy so long as his conduct in the matter of the Hodgson correspondence went judicially unrebuked.

"Under other circumstances—that is to say, but for the amazing fortune which averted the disastrous consequences directly invited by his lapses from duty, his disobedience of orders, and his general inefficiency in a crisis of war—this same verdict would have marked him for the severest penalty that martial justice can inflict."

On the other side, the Columbia *State* remarks that "it will never be possible to induce the Schley partizans to accept the deliverance of two virtually unknown naval officers when Schley is vindicated by the declaration of Admiral George Dewey, the most famous naval officer living." The Philadelphia *Ledger*, too, thinks that Admiral Dewey's opinion "will doubtless be regarded as conclusive by the great majority of Americans," and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* regards his findings as "perfectly obvious." The latter paper adds: "The glory of the victory belongs to Schley, who was present, and who was the ranking officer, and not to Sampson, who was miles away at the time, and who did not reach the scene until the battle was over. This has been a nasty controversy, on account of the passion and vindictiveness with which it has been discussed by a few newspapers on each side, but Dewey's view is the one which will always be held by the bulk of the American people." Says the New York *Journal*: "The attempt to cheat a brave and honorable and singularly generous officer of his honest fame, won gloriously, has failed, conspicuously and miserably. Admiral Schley is vindicated and his traducers are put to shame before the world."

Some of the comments, like the one quoted above from the New York *Sun*, show a good deal of feeling. A similar one on the Schley side is found in the Philadelphia *Times*, which says:

"The naval bureau clique has had its petty vengeance. Its three long years of open conspiracy, of low cunning, of contemptible scheming, and of brazen lying have ended in victory for itself and a verdict against the object of its vindictive hatred.

"Admiral Schley has been censured and humiliated. But with him must suffer two members of the court of inquiry, who are thus reduced from popular heroes to the level of political puppets, and the country shamed in the eyes of the nations. Never have justice and honor suffered greater outrage than this. Never have political intrigue and the prostitution to base ends of authority and power won a greater victory. The naval bureau clique may well gloat over its triumph. It has accomplished the seemingly impossible. It has robbed a brave man of his laurels; it has smirched a life story which was above reproach; it has compelled two men of clean record and fair name to forget honor and integrity and justice and to remember only the political power of the men who bade them act, and it has written into American history a page which will dim the glory of the greatest victory ever won upon the sea. It has sent to the world this message: That an American officer may be a gentleman and a brave man and a successful one, but he must bow the knee to the clique at Washington or he must bow his head to official disgrace. It has left to the American generations to come this lesson: That courage and honor and achievement under the flag count for nothing without political influence. It has taught the soldiers and sailors of the United States that it is folly for them to offer their lives as sacrifices for their country unless they have friends at court. And it has shown the American people, whom it has defied, the utter rottenness of conditions at the national capital."

The conclusions of the court's verdict, signed by Admiral Dewey as president, and by Judge Advocate Lemley, are as follows (Admiral Dewey is considered as concurring in all the points except those in which he expressly dissents in his individual minority report):

"Commodore Schley, in command of the flying squadron, should have proceeded with utmost despatch off Cienfuegos and should have maintained a close blockade of that port.

"He should have endeavored, on May 23, at Cienfuegos, to obtain information regarding the Spanish squadron by communicating with the insurgents at the place designated in the memorandum delivered to him at 8:15 A.M. of that date.

"He should have proceeded from Cienfuegos to Santiago de Cuba with all despatch, and should have disposed his vessels with a view of intercepting the enemy in any attempt to pass the flying squadron.

"He should not have delayed the squadron for the *Eagle*.

"He should not have made the retrograde turn westward with his squadron.

"He should have promptly obeyed the Navy Department's order of May 25.

"He should have endeavored to capture or destroy the Spanish

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vessels at anchor near the entrance of Santiago Harbor on May 29 and 30.

"He did not do his utmost with the force under his command to capture or destroy the *Colon* and other vessels of the enemy which he attacked on May 31.

"By commencing the engagement of July 3 with the port battery and turning the *Brooklyn* around with port helm, Commodore Schley caused her to lose distance and position with the Spanish vessels, especially with the *Vizcaya* and *Colon*.

"The turn of the *Brooklyn* to starboard was made to avoid getting her into dangerous proximity to the Spanish vessels. The turn was made toward the *Texas*, and caused that vessel to stop and to back her engines to avoid possible collision.

"Admiral Schley did injustice to Lieutenant-Commander A. C. Hodgson in publishing only a portion of the correspondence which passed between them.

"Commodore Schley's conduct in connection with the events of the Santiago campaign prior to June 1, 1898, was characterized by vacillation, dilatoriness, and lack of enterprise.

"His official reports regarding the coal supply and the coaling facilities of the flying squadron were inaccurate and misleading.

"His conduct during the battle of July 3 was self-possessed, and he encouraged, in his own person, his subordinate officers and men to fight courageously."

Admiral Dewey's dissenting opinion is as follows:

"In the opinion of the undersigned, the passage from Key West to Cienfuegos was made by the flying squadron with all possible despatch, Commodore Schley having in view the importance of arriving off Cienfuegos with as much coal as possible in the ships' bunkers.

"The blockade of Cienfuegos was effective.

"Commodore Schley, in permitting the steamer *Adula* to enter the port of Cienfuegos, expected to obtain information concerning the Spanish squadron from her when she came out.

"The passage from Cienfuegos to a point about twenty-two miles south of Santiago was made with as much despatch as was possible while keeping the squadron a unit.

"The blockade of Santiago was effective.

"Commodore Schley was the senior officer of our squadron off Santiago when the Spanish squadron attempted to escape on the morning of July 3, 1898. He was in absolute command, and is entitled to the credit due to such commanding officer for the glorious victory which resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish ships."

The court recommends that, in view of the time that has elapsed since the Santiago campaign, "no further proceedings be had in the premises."

TOPICS IN BRIEF.

IT might expedite matters considerably if the various powers made it a practise to keep their cruisers in the Dardanelles all the time, the Sultan being simply invited to observe their presence every time a bill falls due. —*The Chicago News.*

NOBODY has intimated that Queen Wilhelmina's cooking is in any way to blame.—*The Chicago News.*

DON'T worry. There have been fifty-six other Congresses, and the country still lives.—*The Sioux City Journal.*

IN fighting the Yankee shoe the old-world conservative seems to have put his foot in it.—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE Charleston Exposition has opened. Shall we say at its close, "Fecit" or "Deficit"?—*The Chicago Evening Post.*

A COURT of inquiry to investigate the court of inquiry now looms up as a horrible possibility of the future.—*The Chicago News.*

QUEEN WILHELMINA and Prince Henry are not the only ones who are out. There are Prince Henry's creditors.—*The Sioux City Journal.*

WHEN a workingman has a job, the presumption is that he is an honest man. When a politician has one, the presumption is the other way.—*The Philadelphia Ledger.*

EVIDENTLY TROUBLE.—France to Turkey to no monchaku wa, Turkey ga France no yokyu wo ireta no de jiken ga buji ni osamatta.—*Japan and America, New York.*

HALL CAINE has joined the church, and his publishers announce a large increase in the sales of his books. Other authors should take notice.—*The Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE Supreme Court decision will not surprise Aguinaldo, who has had a distinct suspicion that the Philippines belonged to America ever since he met General Funston.—*The Chicago News.*

INTERVIEWING Roosevelt is like trying to engage the attention of a passing lightning-express train. The interviewer opens his mouth, there is a whiz, and he is standing alone.—*The New York World.*

A COLORED minister has applied to Congress for a reward for saving Baltimore during the Civil War. As a proof of his power he might be invited to save it again.—*The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

PRESIDENT CASTRO warns Germany that "if she attempts to approach Caracas her troops will be exterminated." After this Germany can not expect any sympathy if she gets into trouble.—*The Boston Transcript.*

"TELL me not," the Sultan murmured,
"That these bills are all a dream,
That the tidy sums presented
Are less awful than they seem.

"Life is real and life is earnest
To a family man like me
With three hundred wives a-begging
Money for the Christmas tree."—*The Chicago News.*

TIME LIMIT CALLED.—For the benefit of a number of people who are burdening the mails with hilarious things about the Christmas season, we beg to mention the following themes, which are now barred by the statute of limitations:

"Thankful that I am not the turkey."

"Got nothing in my stocking until I put it on."

"Poems about the soldier boy so far away, who weeps over his hardtack and sees visions of the folks at home." (Like as not he has foraged a better dinner than he ever got at home, and has won all the money in his mess at poker.)

"Anything and everything about calling the doctor on the day after Christmas." (This joke has appeared regularly since 1774, and should have been superannuated fifty years ago.)

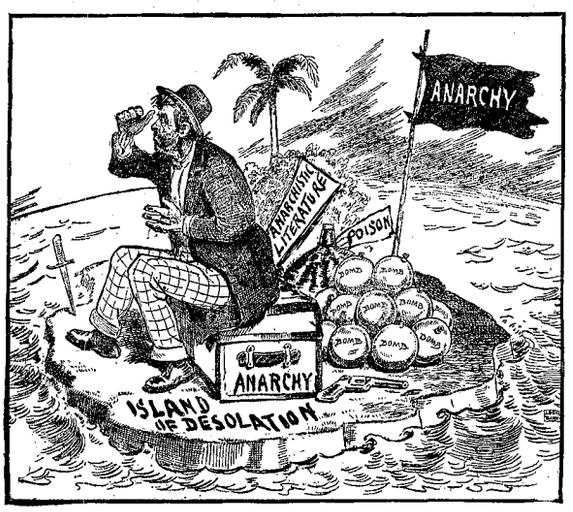
"Boarding-house turkey. Consists of neck and giblets." (The average boarding-house turkey also has wings.)

"Turkey appearing in hash for three weeks." (Turkeys are not elephants.)

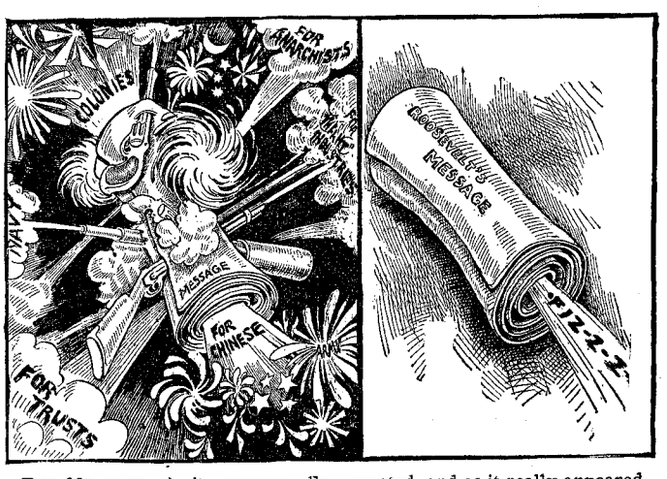
"Kissing old maid by mistake under mistletoe." (Nothing of the kind ever occurred.)

"Any combination of colored man, farmer's dog, and hencoop." (This idea has been worked over until it is old enough to appear in London *Punch*.)

"All allusions to the Sultan, to the partition of Turkey, and to the combination of Greece and Turkey." (Let the poor man alone in his troubles.) —*The Baltimore American.*



MAROONED—AND NOT A BEER SALOON IN SIGHT.
—*The New York Tribune.*



THE MESSAGE: As it was generally expected, and as it really appeared.
—*The Detroit News.*

CURRENT CARTOONS.

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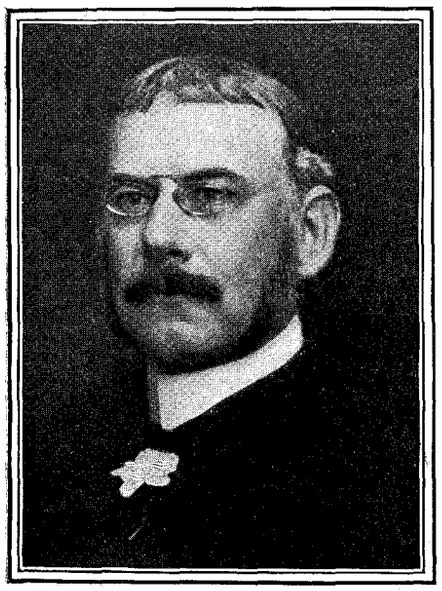
LETTERS AND ART.

IS CHRISTMAS LITERATURE DISAPPEARING?

A CASUAL perusal of publishers' announcements at this season of the year would seem to justify the conclusion that Christmas literature is much more plentiful than ever before. Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, however, declares that popular impressions on this subject are superficial and are based on "posters and pictured wreaths and holly berries and other kinds of Christmas symbolism." "In point of fact," he says, "there are practically no more Christmas books in the old sense of the word." He writes further (in the New York *Journal*):

"Formerly a Christmas book was one whose pages were inspired with something of the traditional Christmas spirit—a flavor, at least, of joyousness and hospitality and general good will. This is the feeling which one used to get from the Christmas stories of Dickens and Trollope, and it was genuine and perfectly spontaneous. Nowadays a Christmas book is simply any handsomely bound and beautifully illustrated volume on any sort of subject, the sole requirement being its suitability as a gift. The same sort of book might just as well be published at any other season of the year, and, indeed, it often is. Only when it appears in the late autumn does it suddenly become to the mind of the publisher and the purchaser 'a Christmas book.'"



PROF. HARRY THURSTON PECK.

The reason, in the writer's judgment, that we have no longer any Christmas books is because we have no longer any real Christmas. He says:

"This most beautiful of all festivals never had in this country quite the same significance which it had and still has elsewhere. This is partly because in colonial days the Puritan influence left a very large and influential part of the American people to associate the observance of Christmas with the old religion which they had themselves rejected with all its feasts and festivals and merry-makings. New England asceticism hated Old England's mellowness and love of pleasure. . . . . .

"The Old-World holiday was first of all a family festival, a children's festival, and one to be enjoyed in quiet and repose and in a spirit of absolute contentment. We have converted it into a sort of forced and frantic feast, in which everybody is obliged to see that everybody else is gorged with gifts. There is nothing intimate and personal and friendly about it, or at least that is not the side of it which is most apparent. Its celebration suggests a great social drag-net in which you are caught unwillingly and from which you would be very thankful to escape. The only consolation is that everybody else is equally entangled and equally unhappy. In the face of all this, the Christmas symbols are not significant of much. They are stage properties. They are the correct thing. We are all cheerful at Christmas time in the same sense in which we all look pleasant in the chair of a photographer. When we have got rid of all of the presents and posted all the packages, and given all the tips, and listened to the carols, and hung up the proper amount of green things, and done everything else that we have read about, the first feeling that we have is one of relief in knowing that it is all over for at least another year.

"It is because of this transformed, uneasy, Americanized Christmas that we no longer have any Christmas books in the old sense of the word. There are very much handsomer books and much more expensive ones, and perhaps sometimes cleverer ones, but they have no more relation to Christmas than they have to Decoration Day, except that they are suitable for gifts. What made the Old-World Christmas so delightful was its homeliness, its hearthstone quality, and this was reflected in the books which it inspired. What we have in place of it is a new, smart, spick-and-span, exciting, showy holiday, which at some time or other in the future will outwear popular patience and be given up by general consent."

KUBELIK, THE BOHEMIAN VIOLINIST.

THE violinists are "having their innings this season," remarks *The Musical Courier* (New York), "with Kubelik, Florizel, Leonora Jackson, Gregorowitsch, William Worth Bailey, Kreisler, and others to add to the array." Of all those mentioned, Jan Kubelik, the much-heralded young Bohemian virtuoso, has undoubtedly been awaited in this country with most interest, and now that he has played the critics are in doubt as to whether he is a mountebank or a genius. Says the New York *Times* (in criticism of his first recital in Carnegie Hall, New York):

"Kubelik, it may be briefly noted at this time, was born near Prague on July 5, 1880, and is therefore twenty-one years old. He studied at the Prague Conservatory under Sevcik, and was graduated from the institution in 1898. He had some success in Vienna and was engaged by Richter for London, where he was received with demonstrations such as had previously been reserved for Mr. Paderewski. Finally he was ordered to perform before the King, an honor conferred also upon such preeminent artists as Mr. Dan Leno, Miss Dorothy Hoyle, and Mr. Holbrook Blinn. Care has also been taken to make known the fact that her Majesty the Queen was overcome by Kubelik's playing and that London society had gone quite wild about him.

"A great deal of industry and money have been expended in getting these facts before the public, and they are here repeated simply because a market value has been acquired by them. Meanwhile their industrious and somewhat heated circulation has gone far toward inspiring the musical *cognoscenti* with a suspicion that Kubelik was a mere fiddle trickster, a mountebank of the jumping bow and the sliding finger. It transpired last night that this suspicion was not far wrong. . . . He is what some German critics have dubbed a 'finger hero.' His bowing is free and vigorous, but it is used nearly all the time to produce a big tone. Of the more intimate witcheries of the pliant wrist and of the finer secrets of the pressure of the first finger of the right hand Kubelik, so far as could be discovered last night, has no high command or at least no tender love. He is a brilliant, dashing, astonishing performer, a Rosenthal of the violin, but not a Paderewski."

The Evening Post declares that Kubelik is a master in the art of "circus fiddling," and that he "beats all living rivals in his ability to turn the violin into a pipe or a banjo." *The Commercial Advertiser*, on the other hand, has formed a high estimate of Kubelik's powers, praising his "wonderful technique and mellifluous tone" and prophesying a great future for him. And *The Tribune* acclaims the new arrival in the following enthusiastic terms:

"There were proofs incontrovertible not only of marvelous talent but extraordinary genius. It is genius that is as yet unclarified and unconscious of its true mission. But it is genius. His playing is full of demoniac daring and demoniac skill. He revels in vanquishing technical difficulties as if he were at play; but he seems to delight in them largely for their own sake. Largely—not wholly, for he has a wonderful sense of that repose which comes from perfect appreciation of symmetry and mastery of the formal elements which produce it. He is imperturbable in his maintenance of tempo and command of rhythms. His double-

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stopping is impeccable, and his intonation generally so, except when he seeks to bewilder with a rush into the highest positions. Then he sometimes seems to forget what is due to the conclusion of a passage. The accord between his bow arm and his left hand is perfect, automatically perfect; and his tone is a miracle in its fulness and sonority; also in its purity and beauty when unforced. He is a wonderful youth, a reincarnation of Paganini rather than of any other dead master, and if in a few years he should be the greatest violinist that the century has produced, it would not surprise his severest judges of to-day."

In personal appearance, Kubelik is described by *The Commercial Advertiser* as being "a modest and unaffected boy, slight and below the medium height, almost femininely shaped, with a short body set on legs disproportionately long; a dark, characteristically Slavic face, flattish nose, high cheek-bones, and deep-set eyes, crowned with the true virtuoso's mop of black hair; long, slender arms, protuberant wrists, and slim hands with what seem to be abnormally long fingers."

It is said that Kubelik has contracted to play for American and Mexican audiences one hundred nights for $1,000 a night. "This breaks all records of 'paying the fiddler,'" observes *The World;* "Paganini, greatest of all violinists, never dreamed of earning $100,000 in one season. That it is possible for an American manager to make such a contract to-day, with the probability of clearing a large profit on it, is a symptomatic twentieth-century fact."

BRIEUX'S PROHIBITED SOCIAL PLAY AND "THE FREE THEATER."

SENSATIONAL indeed has been the opening of the Paris theatrical season. The French are regarded as the most artistic people in the world, and a new play is a greater event to them than the fall of a ministry or the passage of an important bill. Several new plays, some of conspicuous merit, have already been produced, and two have been forbidden by the theatrical censor. The second of these is the work of Brieux, a famous playwright, whose "Les Remplasantes" (The Substitutes) was a great success during the last season and the subject of much discussion. The new play is entitled "Les Avariés" (The Injured), and paints the evils of a widespread, transmissible disease. It suggests Ibsen's "Ghosts," but is more concrete, realistic, and definite. The censor declared it to be immoral, while Brieux and his friends assert that it is eminently moral, wholesome, and full of social significance.

The play has been published, discussed in the press, and read to an invited audience of the most eminent men—parliamentarians, editors, critics, artists, authors, and lawyers, at the Antoine Theater, the home of "advanced" plays. It was applauded, approved, and declared to be morally and artistically admirable, and a movement for the abolition of the censorship has been started in consequence. A "referendum" on the question is being informally taken in Paris, and the Government is to be called to account for the suppression in the Chamber of Deputies. The Socialists will support an anti-censor bill, and even Rochefort will join the movement tho it is led by his bitter political enemies.

Briefly and generally, the plot may be condensed as follows:

"A young man is engaged to a young girl he ardently loves. The consent of the parents has been duly obtained, and the financial side of the matter arranged. But a famous specialist warns the young man that he must not marry for several years, as he is afflicted with a terrible disease which is transmissible as well as contagious. He regards the warning as far-fetched, and ignores it. The marriage takes place.

"Some two years later the consequences dreaded by the physicians appear in pronounced form. The child of the union is the innocent victim of the father's malady, and the young wife is not sure that she has escaped the infection. A separation is brought about, and the young woman's father is wrathful and threatens to expose his son-in-law and secure a divorce for his daughter. He goes to consult the specialist, who refuses to give a certificate of the young man's malady. He pleads first professional honor, then the scandal, humiliation, and shame of the wife, and, finally, the principle of justice and mercy. The young man was reckless, culpable, but was he worse than thousands of other young men? Was the father-in-law justified in throwing a stone at him? Had he done *his* duty by his daughter? Had he so much as inquired into the health, morals, and worthiness of the man to whom he was giving his daughter in marriage? Money matters are carefully looked after, but who thinks of the infinitely more important question of the life, habits, and purity, or the reverse, of the men accepted as sons-in-law? Should not the law demand, as a condition of granting a marriage license, a certificate of health? Should not society recognize its responsibility in the matter and hold marriage more sacred, and young girls' lives and happiness more precious? Should it not safeguard itself from vice, disease, and their effects, and think of the rights of the unborn?

"These arguments impress the father-in-law, who confesses that he had been remiss and that his own life has not been blameless. He agrees to prevail upon his daughter to forgive her erring husband and remain a devoted, loyal wife. The physician holds out the hope of gradual recovery for father and child, and while preaching pity and charity for the individual sinner, advocates social action to render sin and vice detestable instead of venial."

Brieux and his friends protest against the stigma of immorality or impropriety upon a play inculcating such lessons of purity, virtue, and the realization of social responsibility for physical decadence due to the prevalence of vice. If these lessons are moral when preached in sermons and articles, says Brieux in an interview, why are they not equally moral when more effectively preached from the stage?

In reference to the suppression of the theatrical censorship, the *Figaro* says that, while mistakes are sometimes made, the censor is generally a man of letters who appreciates art and respects the independence and honesty of the playwrights. Were there no censors, unscrupulous managers would abuse their freedom and necessitate police intervention. The theater, says the *Figaro*, is free enough, and the Chamber should not allow itself to be misled into radical action by the Brieux episode.

Another Paris theatrical sensation is the summary abolition of the "artists" reading committee, which passed the plays submitted to the Théâtre Français, the endowed institution, and the vesting of the power to accept and reject plays in the manager. The artists are in revolt and threaten to strike. The press and public approve of the change, as the old plan led to abuses and blunders, the artists thinking more of their respective parts than of the merits of the plays as works of literature and dramaturgy.
—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

D'Annunzio's New Tragedy.—The production by Duse of Gabrielle d'Annunzio's new tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini," "came off" last week in Rome, amid many signs of popular disfavor, which, however, appears to have been directed at the actors rather than the play. The comments of the European press on the performance have not yet reached us, but the *Revista d'Italia* publishes a review by its critic, Signor Marzocco, who had the privilege of listening to an advance reading of the play, by the author, in his villa of Capponcius, near Florence. Signor Marzocco speaks as follows of the work:

"The solid structure of the tragedy, considered from a purely theatrical viewpoint, impressed us with its indisputable force. There is nothing in the production reminding us in the least of the historical tradition, of bad memory, which in days of yore was triumphant on the Italian stage. Here the tragedy puts aside declamatory rhetoric and classical toggery, formerly adapted in a uniform way to heroes most dissimilar in time and place. It takes into account the realistic processes of the modern drama.

"A perfect, astonishing knowledge of personages, of facts, of surroundings, directed by extraordinary tragical sense, creates a scenic resurrection which, altho true to history, loses nothing

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in dramatic intensity. Unknown documents, forgotten chronicles, obscure traditions, furnish precious material. The admirable language of the thirteenth century manifests itself in all its richness, and, without the smallest effort in the sweep of its spontaneous sentences, this language conforms itself to the exigencies of a dialog which, from the facetiousness of a jeweler, the quibbling of a Florentine merchant, the prattling of frivolous young women, rises to highest tones of passion, expresses the most subtle irony, the most refined cruelty, the most ferocious designs."

Mr. William Archer, in an account of the performance, published in the London *Daily Chronicle* and cabled to New York papers, describes the reception as "cruel" and brutal," but says that "many of the scenes and phrases are of extraordinary dramatic intensity."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

NEW DRAMATIZATIONS OF NOVELS.

TO the long list of dramatized novels that have lately marked so prominent a tendency in the dramatic world must be added three more plays, "Beaucaire," "Alice of Old Vincennes," and "The Helmet of Navarre," all of which were produced in New York theaters a few days ago. Of the three, the first-named, with Mr. Richard Mansfield in the title rôle, wins the most generous notices from the critics. "Mr. Mansfield," declares *The Evening Post*, "has prepared a very pleasant surprise for his admirers, by returning to that field of light romantic comedy in which he won some of his earliest and most enduring laurels." *The Tribune* says:

"Mr. Mansfield, as Beaucaire, has fully possessed himself of a character in which he can display, to brilliant advantage and with fine effect, that elaborate elegance of manner for which, as an actor, he is remarkable, and that strangely commingled authority of demeanor, sweetness of sentiment, and incisive irony of speech which are his conspicuous attributes. In all the social passages his bearing is impressive with dignity, winning with the reticence of good taste, and admirable for repose. In the climacteric moments of action—such as the insult and the defense—he exhibits unwonted celerity. In Beaucaire's attitude toward his heroine he sustains, with invariable ease and natural continuity, a sweet humbleness of chivalric feeling that is very beautiful. And, what with attire, conduct, style, personality, broad, free gesture, a fluent diversity of finely cadenced Gallic speech, and a firmly controlled artistic method, he makes the impersonation opulent and splendid—a glittering image of earnest sentiment and romantic grace. Intellectual men on the stage have seldom carried conviction as lovers. More or less moonshine in the temperament seems to be essential for the really dominant and convincing simulation of love. Edwin Booth as Romeo never struck fire till he came to the killing of Tybalt. Mr. Mansfield is, peculiarly and essentially, a man of intellect, and it is in characters of mind and imagination that he attains to his greatest height and accomplishes his most distinctive achievements. There are, however, in the part of Beaucaire, as built up and embodied by him, many qualities besides the impassioned fervor of sexual infatuation; and, while his management even of this attribute is remarkably expert, his interblending of the others (of personal distinction, sarcastic humor, intrepid promptitude, nimble raillery, repose under trial and dash amid peril) is potential and noble. He has added a bright and welcome figure to the stage, and he has gained a success as valuable to the public as it is to himself."

The Times, however, takes a much less favorable view of the play, declaring that the dramatization is disappointing, that the company is "quite as bad as any that has been seen in a production of first-class importance in New York this season," and that Mr. Mansfield's rendition "will add nothing to his reputation, as, indeed, it discloses nothing new in his accomplishments."

Edward E. Rose's dramatic version of "Alice of Old Vincennes," with Virginia Harned in the leading part, elicits considerable praise. It is described by *The Tribune* as "neat, clear, entertaining, and sympathetic," tho not an impressive or a deeply moving performance. *The Commercial Advertiser* says:

"The best thing in the performance of 'Alice of Old Vincennes,' at the Garden Theater, is the acting of Virginia Harned, which is full of fun and enthusiasm, with sincerity both in the light work, which is mainly called for, and in the few serious passages. The play itself is better than most of the things which Mr. Rose has cut out of popular novels. The last act is the only one that is very weak; the first is fairly slow, but the second and third, for purely theatrical machinery, are entertaining and at times exciting, altho of course without significance. Only one thread of the novel is taken, and it is followed with order. The play is much more in the comedy vein throughout than the story, and it is as a whole successful as a vehicle for the real talents of Miss Harned and as an entertainment for those who go to see the series of revolutionary and colonial novel-plays now flooding the market."

"The Helmet of Navarre," dramatized by its author, Miss Bertha Runkle, in collaboration with Laurence Marston, is severely criticized. *The Evening Post* styles it "a conspicuous illustration of the difficulties attending the attempt to convert a readable novel into an intelligible play"; and *The Commercial Advertiser* says of the first-night performance that "the veriest novice in stagecraft must have realized last evening that it made rather a sorry play."

Charles Dalton's rendition of Count Etienne de Mar, the leading character of the play, wins commendation. Says *The Post*:

"Mr. Charles Dalton is an actor whom it would be interesting

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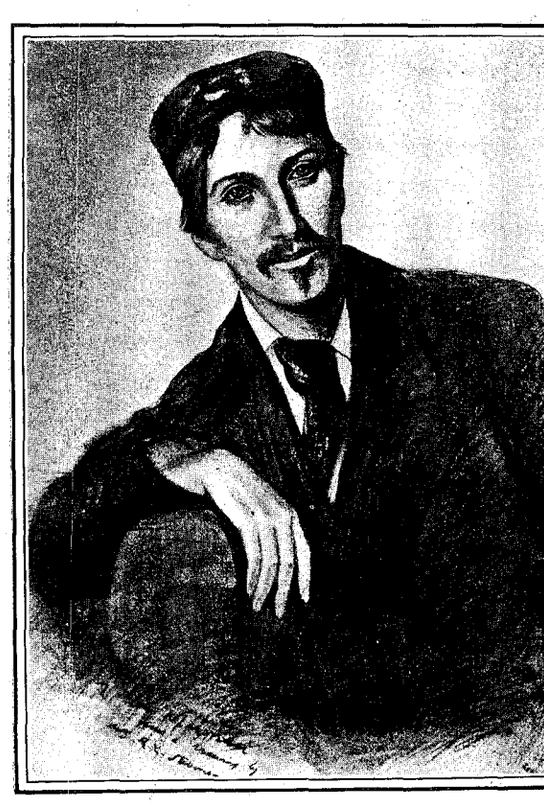
to see in a really good romantic drama. His features are cast in rather too strong and rugged a mold for young lovers, but in the matter of thews and inches he is splendidly adapted for heroic parts. It would be unfair to estimate his histrionic abilities from his present performance, but he is evidently a useful, possibly a very good, actor in favorable conditions. He bears himself with ease and confidence, makes love without awkwardness, has a pleasant delivery, does not rant, and moves lightly and gracefully. His strong point seems to be the expression of frank, joyous, loyal, virile spirit. It is doubtful whether he would shine in intellectual parts, requiring delicate and subtile interpretation."

THE ENDEARING PERSONALITY OF STEVENSON.

"ALL biography would be autobiography if it could," and in Mr. Graham Balfour's story of the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, we have indeed autobiography by proxy; for it is Stevenson himself who tells the story of his own winsome childhood, delightfully interpreting the enthusiasms, caprices, and eager impulses of an adolescence that he never outgrew; and who tells us, unwittingly, of the genius and the brave service of his manhood expressed in notable achievement and eloquent example. "I am one of the few people in the world," he writes in one of his letters, "who do not forget their own lives."

The reader of Balfour's earlier pages will find a keen delight in discerning the prophecy of Robert Louis in the almost grotesque conflicts between the serious "principles," the proverbial philosophy, of his grandfather, and the intellectual vagabondries of his father. Robert Stevenson, the grandfather, took education and success at school for a thing of infinite import. To Thomas, the father, that was all vanity and vexation. "He would not have been ashamed," writes R. L. S., "to figure as actual Booby before the King; and with rare consistency he bravely encouraged me to neglect my lessons, and never so much as asked me my place in school." But Robert, the grandfather, cuddled to the scholars, and would at no time have disdained authorship for his own part. His "Account of the Bell Rock Lighthouse" is a masterpiece of its kind,—"a romance of stone and lime, the Robinson Crusoe of engineering." For Thomas, the father, and the chums of his school days, there was perennial delight in the coming and going of the queer company of skippers, lightkeepers, masons, foremen of all sorts, whom his father, the great engineer, liked to have about the house. Odd were the force and picturesqueness of the lad Thomas's freaks, and his "folks" loved him for the very oddness of him. His son, Robert Louis, writes:



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, AT THE AGE OF 27.
Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, AT THE AGE OF 30.
Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

"He was a man of a somewhat antique strain; with a blended sternness and softness that was wholly Scottish and at first somewhat bewildering; with a profound essential melancholy of disposition and (what often accompanies it) the most humorous geniality in company; shrewd and childish; passionately attached, passionately prejudiced; a man of many extremes, many faults of temper, and no very stable foothold for himself among life's troubles. Yet he was a wise adviser; many men, and these not inconsiderable, took counsel with him habitually. . . . He had excellent taste, tho whimsical and partial . . . took a lasting pleasure in prints and pictures; . . . and, tho he read little, was constant to his favorite books. . . . He was a strong Conservative, or, as he preferred to call himself, a Tory; except in so far as his views were modified by a hot-headed chivalrous sentiment for women. He was actually in favor of a marriage law under which any woman might have a divorce for the asking, and no man on any ground whatever."

His diction was just and picturesque, and when, at the beginning of his illness, he began to feel the failing of his power, it was strangely pitiful to hear him reject one word after another, and at length desist from the search, and leave his phrase unfinished. Very tender, at times, was the romantic side of him. Says Mr. Balfour:

"Every night of his life he made up stories by which he put himself to sleep, dealing perpetually 'with ships, roadside inns, robbers, old sailors, and commercial travelers before the era of steam.' With these and their like he soothed his son's troubled nights in childhood, and when the son grew up and made stories of his own, he found no critic more unsparing than his father."

And here we stop and turn backward in the page, asking ourselves, Is this the old man or the boy, Louis? The humor and the melancholy, the sternness and the softness, the passionate attachments and the prejudices, the chivalry, the generosity, the Celtic temperament and the sensitive conscience, passed direct from father to son; "and to some who knew them both well, the father was the more remarkable of the two."

It is a pretty picture that we have of the author of "Treasure Island," and "Kidnapped," and "The Master of Ballantrae," and the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," wrestling with "the toils and vigils and distresses of composition" at the tender age of six years. His uncle, David Stevenson, had offered to the children a prize for the best history of Moses. Louis was per-

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mitted to enter for competition by dictating to his mother; and to this exciting enterprise he devoted five successive Sunday evenings. A Bible picture-book was awarded to him as an extra prize; "and from that time forward it was the desire of his heart to be an author."

The natural and inevitable sequence to this first glimpse of the glamour of intellectual romance was a great longing, with thrills, to see a ghost. He and his favorite cousins and playmates, Henrietta and Willie Traquair, were forever hovering at evening around the kirkyard wall:

"This it was that supplied our Arcady with its gods; and in place of classic forms and the split hooves of satyrs, we were full of homely Scottish superstitions of grues and ghosts and goblins. . . . I remember going down into the cellars of our own house in town in company with another, . . . and persuading myself that I saw a face looking at me from round a corner; and I may even confess, since the laws against sorcery have been for some time in abeyance, that I essayed at divers times to bring up the devil, founding my incantations on no more abstruse a guide than Skelt's 'Juvenile Drama of Der Freischültz.'"

Turning his memory inside out, he shows us the shocking contrasts and conflicts of his childish visions: now "the august airs of the castle on its rock, nocturnal passages of lights and trees, the sudden song of the blackbird in a suburban lane, rosy and dusty winter sunsets, the uninhabited splendors of the early dawn," the building up of the city on a misty day, house above house, spire above spire, until it was received into a sky of softly glowing clouds, and seemed to pass on and upward, by fresh grades and rises, "city beyond city, a New Jerusalem boldly scaling heaven." And then—

"Trite street corners, commonplace, well-to-do houses, shabby, suburban tanfields, rainy, beggarly slums, taken in at a gulp nigh forty years ago, and surviving to-day, complete sensations, concrete, poignant, and essential to the genius of the place. From the melancholy of these remembrances I might suppose them to belong to the wild and bitterly unhappy days of my youth. But it is not so; they date, most of them, from early childhood; they were observed as I walked with my nurse, gaping on the universe, and striving vainly to piece together in words my inarticulate but profound impressions. I seem to have been born with a sentiment of something moving in things, of an infinite attraction and horror coupled."

Of his boyhood, it is curious to note the magnetism of the youngster's personality, the spell that he put upon the people with whom he foregathered in chance acquaintance:

"At hotels he used to go to the *table d'hôte* alone, if necessary, and made friends freely with strangers. On his return from Homburg he made great friends on the steamer with a Dutchman, who kept saying over to himself, 'I loike this booy.' His French master at Mentone, on his second visit, gave him no regular lessons, but merely talked to him in French, teaching him piquet and card tricks, introducing him to various French people and taking him to convents and other places. So his mother remarks of his other masters at home, 'I think they found it pleasanter to talk to him than to teach him.'"

One of his first serious experiences with books was when his mother read "Macbeth" to him. The shock was not agreeable; as the Scots say, he "scunnered":

"I far preferred the ditch-water stories that a child could dip and skip and doze over, stealing at times material for play; it was something new and shocking to be thus ravished by a giant, and I shrank under the brutal grasp. But the spot in memory is still sensitive; nor do I ever read that tragedy, but I hear the gale howling up the valley of the Leith."

His father's library was a spot of some austerity, only in holes and corners did he come upon anything "legible," as if by accident:

"'The Parent's Assistant,' 'Rob Roy,' 'Waverley,' and 'Guy Mannering,' the 'Voyages of Captain Woods Rogers,' Fuller's and Bunyan's 'Holy Wars,' 'The Reflections of Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Female Bluebeard,' G. Sand's 'Mare au Diable' (how came it in that grave assembly!), Ainsworth's 'Tower of London,' and four old volumes of *Punch*—these were the chief exceptions. In these latter, which made for years the chief of my diet, I very early fell in love (almost as soon as I could spell) with the 'Snob Papers.' I knew them almost by heart, particularly the visit to the Pontos; and I remember my surprise when I found, long afterward, that they were famous, and signed with a famous name; to me, as I read and admired them, they were the works of Mr. Punch."

In the beginning, the clan Stevenson would have spoiled a strong and ready writer by making a feeble and apathetic engineer of him; but the world of letters rejoices in their happy failure. For a time, mathematics replaced Greek, and civil engineering stepped in front of Latin. But in all this there was no real education for the coming man of Bournemouth and Vailima. Altho he remembered that the spinning of a top is a case of kinetic stability, "he never set the same store by that knowledge as by certain other odds and ends he came by in the open street, while he was playing truant":

"In fact, as far as the university was concerned, he 'acted upon an extensive and highly rational system of truantry, which cost him a great deal of trouble to put in exercise'; and 'no one ever played the truant with more deliberate care, and none ever had more certificates (of attendance) for less education.'"

"It is good for boys to be violent and unruly," he wrote before himself had yet ceased to be a student, "for it is of such that good citizens are made." And accordingly, in 1870, in the character of a riotous student, he fell into the hands of the police—a mere snowballing affair between Town and Gown. It was not by reason of ill health that he abandoned the study of engineering, but because his impulse to letters was overpowering. He was "young in youth," and going at the fiery pace of his age and temperament; he must either find his own way or lose it altogether.

He began by floundering in a bog of religious and social perplexities; and thought to flounder out by calling himself an atheist, and a "red-hot Socialist." These were the inevitable mumps and measles that come with the first high hat. He discovered that it was manly to revolt against his "allowance," which, tho prudent, was liberal enough; and, being terribly democratic, he made his headquarters in a tobacco-shop and sought admiring audiences in "The Green Elephant," "The Twinkling Eye," and "The Gay Japanese"—those happy harbors of Free Thought in the Lothian Road:

"Hence my acquaintance was of what would be called a very low order. Looking back upon it, I am surprised at the courage with which I first ventured alone into the societies in which I moved; I was the companion of seamen, chimney-sweeps, and thieves; my circle was being continually changed by the action of the police magistrate. I see now the little sanded kitchen where Velvet Coat (for such was the name I went by) has spent days together, generally in silence and making sonnets in a penny version-book; and, rough as the material may appear, I do not believe these days were among the least happy I have spent. I was distinctly petted and respected; the women were most gentle and kind to me; I might have left all my money for a month, and they would have returned every farthing of it. Such, indeed, was my celebrity that when the proprietor and his mistress came to inspect the establishment, I was invited to tea with them; and it is still a grizzly thought to me that I have since seen that mistress, then gorgeous in velvet and gold chains, an old, toothless, ragged woman, with hardly voice enough to welcome me by my old name of Velvet Coat."

But these are the caprices of his salad days. Presently they pall, and he "changes foot," to go a-strolling with St. Peter and St. Paul in the New Testament; and then with Herbert Spencer and Walt Whitman, on his way to Shakespeare and Bunyan, Montaigne and Dumas.

We can not here follow where the inspired boy has blazed his trail through Bournemouth and California and the Islands of the Pacific on to Vailima—and the end.

It is a funeral, a royal funeral, we have to attend. As we arrive, an old Mataafa-chief, one of the builders of that now famous "Road of the Loving Heart"—one who is very poor to-day, and was yesterday a prisoner—is kissing the Master's cold hand, and murmuring brokenly:

"We were in prison, and he cared for us. We were sick and he made us well. We were hungry, and he fed us. The day was no longer than his kindness. Who among you is so great as Tusitala? What is your love to his love?"

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

PICTURES OF THE NEW NEBULA.

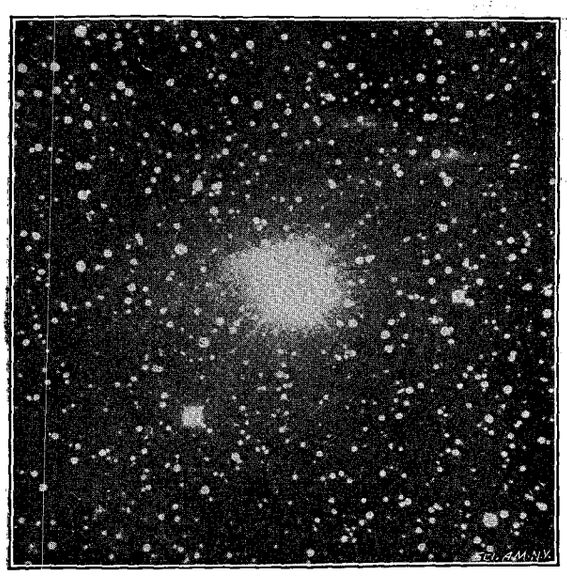
PHOTOGRAPHS of the nebula surrounding the new star in the constellation Perseus are published by *The Scientific American*. They were sent by Prof. G. W. Ritchey, of Yerkes

NEBULOSITY ABOUT NOVA PERSEI, SEPTEMBER 20, 1901.

Photographed by Prof. G. W. Ritchey, with the two-foot reflecting telescope of the Yerkes Observatory. Exposure, 3 hours and 50 minutes.
Courtesy of *The Scientific American*.

Observatory, to Miss Mary Proctor, who writes about them as follows:

"It will be remembered that . . . photographs of Nova Persei revealed the presence of a very faint nebula surrounding the star. Later photographs show that enormous changes have taken place in the nebula, confirming a theory long ago advanced by



NEBULOSITY ABOUT NOVA PERSEI, NOVEMBER 13, 1901,

Photographed by Prof. G. W. Ritchey with the two-foot telescope of the Yerkes Observatory. Exposure, 7 hours.
Courtesy of *The Scientific American*.

Sir William Herschel, according to which changes take place in the nebulæ in the course of time.

"This theory has not been generally accepted, but now it may be said to be proved by these photographs, showing actual changes which have taken place in the nebula surrounding Nova Persei during the brief period of seven weeks. This would seem to indicate that the gaseous matter forming nebulæ is ever undergoing a process of change and formation, and that from this material—the star-dust scattered throughout the depths of space—new worlds and star-systems are being evolved.

"The negative for September 20 was made with an exposure of 3 hours 50 minutes, and for November 13 with an exposure of 7 hours. The enlargement from the original negatives is about five diameters in each case. The negative of November 13 shows the outer parts of the nebula to have grown much fainter (tho the exposure was 3 hours 10 minutes longer), while the strong wisp near the central star (Nova Persei) is much stronger.

"The measurement of the negative indicates that the nebula has expanded about *one minute of arc* in all directions in seven weeks, also that it has rotated about the Nova (in the direction of the motion of the hands of a watch) through an angle of about 3 or 4 degrees in that time. The change in density of the wisp near the star is so great that it is difficult to state positively whether there has been a change of shape or position in it.

"The rate of motion is of course enormous—far beyond anything known in the stellar universe before. Indeed, if we assume a parallax of 0.01 second for the star, the motion of the strong condensation of nebulosity approximates *that of light*. Professor Chase, of Yale, has shown that the parallax is extremely small—probably too small for measurement.

"The idea is suggested that the enormous changes are not due to *motion of matter* at all, but to change of illumination, electrical or other. But, according to Professor Ritchey, the change is like that of an expanding ring. Many of the condensations, in fact all of them, are easily recognized in the two photographs, despite this change of position."

TESTS OF THE "FULTON."

THE remarkable performance of the submarine torpedo-boat *Fulton*, in staying under water for fifteen hours, has elicited widespread comment; but the technical journals remind us that it is far from being a conclusive test of her powers. Says *The Western Electrician:*

"One of Mr. Holland's submarine boats has successfully withstood a total submergence test of fifteen hours, and the fact is of considerable interest, altho it is difficult to conceive an emergency in the actual use of submarine boats in warfare in which the ability to stay under water for so long a time would be useful. One of the great drawbacks to the use of the submergible craft is their difficulty in finding their way about under water. The submerged boat must be guided on the surface to within a comparatively short distance of the object to be attacked, then sinking and making a dash for it. Thus it is difficult to see how the ability to rest under six feet of water for fifteen hours, with oxygen enough to sustain a crew, is such a great advantage after all. What the submarine boat really needs is greater speed and some means of finding its way about under water. Electrical men have a kindly interest in these boats, so persistently experimented with, as electrical power is relied upon for the under-water runs; but it must be admitted that the goal of even a measurable degree of flexible operation, on the surface, awash, and totally submerged, is still to be reached."

It is predicted by *The Electrical World and Engineer* that the *Fulton's* submergence record will soon be surpassed, either here or in Europe. It says:

"Mr. Loubet, who has done so much in submarine boats in France, has just been awarded a prize in recognition of his work, and he and his fellow countrymen are hardly likely to leave Mr. Holland in undisturbed peace. It will be interesting to get the official report of the two navy officers on board, and learn their views, for the navy has been very conservative as to this submarine-boat development, and the same is true of the English navy. Such a test as this, while praiseworthy, leaves much to be proved. That clams will not sing has never been urged very warmly as an argument in their favor, and a submarine boat that simply lay motionless in its oozy bed would be of little use to anybody. The next tests, therefore, of any validity must be those bearing on the utility of such craft in battle, or at least in the supreme qualities of activity, agility, dirigibility, and offense. But even as they are, these craft would cause the admiral of a foreign

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fleet off Sandy Hook some little anxiety and worry, for in actual warfare brave *Merrimac* crews would be plentifully forthcoming, ready for any dash or forlorn hope. The rest of the demonstration, that of the 'offensive' kind, is now in order."

The daily press of December 11 report that the *Fulton* sank at her dock owing to the carelessness of some employee in leaving a hatch open. She was subsequently raised and found to be uninjured, but this accident, which could scarcely have happened with an ordinary torpedo-boat, showed that special care is necessary in dealing with the new class of war-craft.

A NEW METHOD OF IDENTIFYING HANDWRITING.

NO one's hand is steady enough to draw a perfectly even line. When a pen is used, the resulting line not only has irregularities that can be seen by the naked eye, but it appears under the microscope with undulating or serrated edges, showing that the hand that produced it is vibrating as it moves, besides which the pressure of the pen on the paper is continually varying. In an article published in *The Scientific American Supplement* (November 23), Dr. Persifor Frazer asserts that the character of

Photomicrograph of an ink line made by Prof. Lightner Witmer. Magnified 120 diameters.

Courtesy of *The Scientific American.*

these serrations and undulations varies from person to person, and that they can therefore be used to identify handwriting. Says Professor Frazer:

"While studying the peculiarities of pen-marks in 1898 I was struck by the fact that under high magnification the unevennesses on each margin of a pen-mark preserved a similar general character in pen-strokes of a given writer, and that the number of the irregularities usually differed on the two sides in a given space. . . . . .

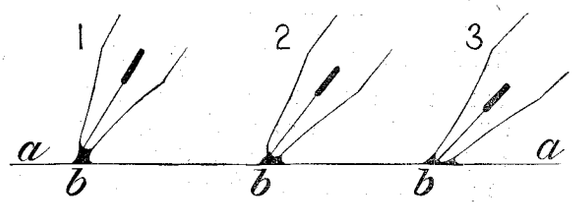
"The similarity of the magnified pen-strokes of a writer is like that of the fractured edges of two specimens of the same mineral or rock. It does not consist in a repetition of the same indentations at corresponding places of the two lines, but in a general effect on the eye which enables the experienced naturalist in the analogous case just mentioned to distinguish the fractures of slate, granite, sandstone, and limestone, etc., from each other.

Photomicrograph of a machine-drawn ink line made with an ordinary steel pen, the nibs pressing equally on the paper and being drawn downward. The scarcity of serrations and the absence of curvature on the margins are noticeable. Magnified 180 diameters.

Courtesy of *The Scientific American.*

"The phenomenon when more closely studied in handwriting resolves itself into two. The first is a succession of serrations of different sizes on each edge of the ink line examined, and usually preponderating on one of them; and the second is an alternate widening and narrowing of the line visible in the more or less perfect opposition of two of the larger serrations at successive intervals. That these phenomena are not due to differences in the pens, ink, and paper and to the invisible tremors which affect all objects on the vibrating surface of the earth, is apparent from two facts: first, because pen lines drawn by a machine lack altogether the larger serrations and the rhythmic widening and narrowing of the line; and, second, because the different lines of a given writer maintain characteristics peculiar to him despite the differences in outward appearance which result from changing the quality of the pens, ink, and paper.

"Concisely stated, the case stands thus: In any ink lines of sufficient length made by the human hand there may be observed deviations right and left from the course the writer intended to follow, inversely proportionate in number and extent to the control of the writer over the pen. These irregularities are visible to the naked eye, and in connection with the greater or less correctness of the designs or models of the letters on which they are



Hypothetical diagram of ink column at varying distances of the pen from the paper.

Courtesy of *The Scientific American.*

observed, give to the observer his impression of the expertness, feebleness, illiteracy, etc., of the writer. Visible to the naked eye they are also greatly affected by states of mind and body, the influence of drugs, etc.

"But if a high magnifying power be applied to ink lines made by human hands there will be found much finer deviations entirely invisible to the naked eye. It is not known to what extent

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the states of mind aforementioned influence these much subtler vibrations of the writing hand, but it is certain, from experiments made, that it is far less than in the case of the visible irregularities. That is to say, that the crooked, zigzag characters of a drunken writer when highly magnified do not reveal an increase in number or size of the finer serrations proportionate to the change of the visible parts, when compared with the normal writing of the same hand.

"If handwriting be magnified to about thirty diameters (900 times the actual size), the sinuosities of the longer strokes (intended to be straight), the gross alterations in the width of the line due to measurable variations in vertical pressure, and the largest of the serrations due to unconscious lateral movements come into view."

Dr. Frazer shows by several examples that these peculiarities are sufficiently characteristic to be utilized in the identification of handwriting. He ends by describing how the serrations are produced:

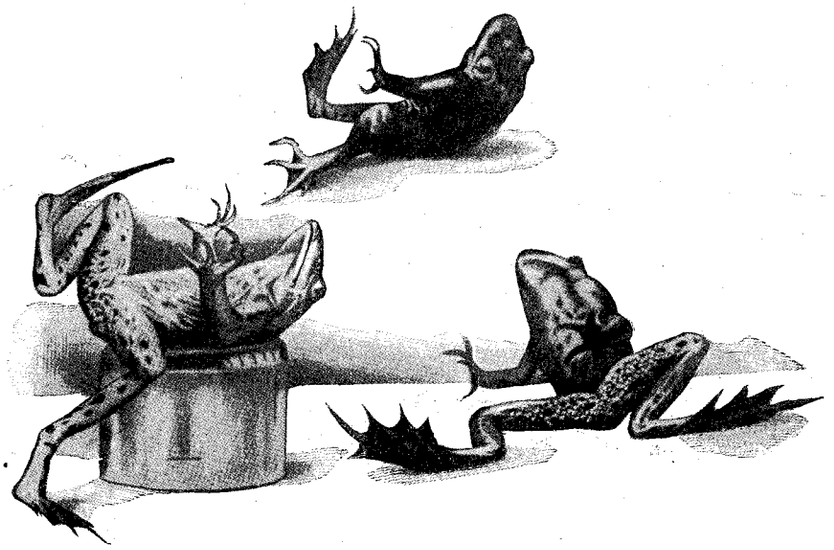
"In the last figure, 1, 2, and 3 illustrate roughly the varying width of the base of the ink column (for which the term 'unduloid' has been suggested by Professor Goodspeed) connecting the pen with the paper where these latter are separated for minute distances and fractions of time. 1 represents the pen at a maximum distance from the paper where the base of the column will be a minimum; 2 shows the pen closer to the paper and the base of the column broader; 3 illustrates the base of the column when one of the pen-nibs is in contact with the paper. In this position an almost infinitesimal variation in pressure will instantly change the area of the ink column in contact with the paper. These sudden changes, in response to which the ink column shoots out and retracts, are perhaps mainly the origin of these swellings and narrowings of the line, while the tiny waves produced by the lateral tremors of the pen produce the finer serrations. The finest of all—those which are neglected in the effort to identify writing—may be largely caused by the accidental vibrations from which no object on the earth's surface is free."

To further test the hypothesis that the character of the tremograms is due to irregularities of surface of the substance written upon, Dr. Frazer, since the appearance of the above article, so he informs us, has been engaged upon the study of various writings made upon a fine coating deposited upon a surface. The results, which will shortly be published, show as complete differences between different writers, he says, and as constant characteristics of the same writer, as in writings of ink upon paper. In these experiments, however, each of the two nibs shows its right and left marginal serrations with a bar of untouched coating in the middle, which proves, among other things, how slight a pressure is necessary to part the nibs of even a moderately stiff pen.

THE FROG AS A HYPNOTIC SUBJECT.

THAT at least some of the lower animals could be hypnotized was discovered almost as soon as anything was known about the subject; but researches along this line have been few until recent years, as human beings have seemed vastly more interesting subjects. Recent experiments on frogs are described in *Nature* (Paris, November 16), by M. N. Vaschide, chief of the laboratory of experimental psychology of the School of Higher Studies, Paris. He asserts that he has definitely established the power of the human eye to act as a true anesthetic, paralyzing brain action in animals as well as man. "He paralyzed me with his glance." "His look struck me dumb"—these are familiar phrases and the assertion that one can cause a wild beast to quail by looking it steadily in the eye is often heard, altho probably the experiment is rarely tried. M. Vaschide asserts that this action is real and that its mechanism is hypnotic, as shown by his own experiments on frogs. Says this writer:

"Frogs that have passed the winter in an aquarium furnish remarkable material for the study of hypnosis, at the moment when they are exhausted by prolonged fasting; that is to say, in spring and summer. When turned over on their backs, they fall into the hypnotic state which often goes nearly as far as catalepsy. In the state of profound hypnosis, the sense-organs suspend their functions, the sense of touch and sensitiveness to pain being much deadened. The pupils are always contracted, but dilate as soon as the creature is revived; the movements of



ATTITUDES OF HYPNOTIZED FROGS.

the heart are slower, and respiration is often nearly imperceptible. This condition may persist for a half-hour or even longer.

"This deep hypnotic sleep is still more accentuated with frogs whose bodies have lost moisture by sojourn in a dry place. These can not always be awakened when desired. Frogs newly caught in spring can be hypnotized in the same conditions, but they resist longer. They become more and more easily hypnotizable as their fast lasts longer. This accords with the observation of Gley that hypnosis is easily produced in starving frogs. . . . . .

"In the investigations of Mlle. Stefanowska, frogs in a deep and prolonged hypnotic state woke at once on being enveloped in the vapors of ether, chloroform, or alcohol. Sudden or progressive elevation of temperature always interrupts their sleep, but fall of temperature does not wake them, and seems favorable to hypnosis."

The author presents the accompanying pictures of frogs hypnotized by Mlle. Stefanowska, and remarks that the attitudes are characteristic, reminding us, indeed, of those of persons suffering from hysteria. He himself has made some interesting experiments along this line, especially on the hypnotizing of frogs by merely looking them in the eye. He says:

"It is extremely hard to catch the eye of a frog. The coloration of the skin, the hue of the eye, and the absence of any characteristic expression of regard make this very difficult. The experiment must be tried in a light that is as uniform as possible. I have experimented with daylight and with artificial light. . . . Some frogs go to sleep easily and others resist for a long time; I have held frogs in my hands for an hour without being able to hypnotize them, while others go off when simply breathed upon gently.

"In a second series of experiments I endeavored to hypnotize frogs when free to move about, and in two different conditions—placed on the laboratory table or swimming in a glass tank. Hypnosis then became still more difficult to produce; that is, it took a longer time. Frogs at rest assume an attitude favorable for hypnosis; the gaze is directed upward and the head has an attitude of ecstasy or attention. The difficulty still is to fix the creature's attention. I succeeded, however, in putting them to sleep wherever they were, so deeply that I could stick needles into

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them without their showing the least sign. The hypnosis, altho deep, does not last long; it is short, and the animal often awakes with a sudden leap.

"When the frogs are swimming in a tank, hypnosis is also possible; but it requires time and an amount of address that experience only can give. I may note as a characteristic fact, that altho I have hypnotized many frogs I have never succeeded in making them plunge into the water. The hypnosis was not profound, and, altho sensibility had become obtuse, it seemed as if the animal controlled its attitude automatically. . . . In the most profound sleep that I was able to obtain I could plunge the frog lightly into the water, but this caused gasping and was generally followed by waking. If the water was heated gently, the sleep was interrupted, but, on the contrary, as observed also by Mlle. Stefanowska in other conditions, when the temperature was progressively lowered it seemed that the frogs ceased, in a certain degree, to have control of their positions in the water.

"These facts . . . speak decisively in favor of the possibility of hypnotizing frogs, and again demonstrate the anesthetic power, so to speak, of the human glance—this complex action that seems to combine our whole dynamic cerebrality. We must conclude that the human eye has its effect not only on men, but also on frogs; here we have a hint of important psycho-physiologic relations that may reveal the nature of the mysterious force that issues from the windows of our psycho-organic life and acts as a true anesthetic—fixing the attitudes of animals as well as men and paralyzing all cerebral life."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

SCIENCE BREVITIES.

MORE AMERICAN BRIDGES FOR AFRICA.—"A contract has recently been given the American Bridge Company of New York, for the construction of twenty steel bridges along the line of the Uganda railroad in East Africa," says *The Railway and Engineering Review*. "The amount involved is about $1,000,000. English and Continental firms competed in the bidding, but their figures were higher, and they could not guarantee to complete the work in so short a time as that agreed upon by the American company."

CONSUL RAVNDAL reports from Beirut, says *The Scientific American*, "that olive oil has many uses, but more substitutes, and few salads are compounded without the aid of one of them. Cotton-seed oil is a favorite substitute, but, according to an Egyptian newspaper, this is soon to find a sturdy rival in the form of the seed of the sunflower. Experiments made by German chemists have convinced them, it seems, of the availability of this cheap raw material, and it may shortly become a valuable article of commerce. It is said to be convertible to many uses, and, besides having ing possibilities as a lamp oil, may be used for dyeing purposes, and will be of service in soap-making."

"ENGINEERS are not as afraid of concretes as they used to be," says *Engineering News* (December 5). "There was a time—and it still exists in the minds of many members of the profession—when concrete always had to be covered up with stone. It was an accepted maxim that concrete must not be exposed to water or weather or wear. Cut stone-facing was the thing for such places. As examples of how ideas have changed, we may instance the St. Croix dam, . . . in which the stone and concrete have their places reversed from the usual position, the stone being on the inside and the concrete being an outside facing. This was done because a very soft stone was the only thing available for the dam." Another example of a dam with rubble-stone heart and concrete face is given by the same paper; but the concrete facing was adopted here merely to save the expense of cutting the face stones of the dam to make a smooth overfall. "Doubtless many engineers will look askance at such a construction; yet we see no reason why it should not be entirely satisfactory. The dam is in a region where ice will never trouble it, and if heavy driftwood going over during high water should gouge a hole or two in the concrete facing, it would not endanger the safety of the dam and could easily be made good as new at low water."

"WITH some refreshing exceptions, 'popular science' continues to be more popular than scientific," says *The Western Electrician* (Chicago, November 30). "For instance, here is a late bit of gossip about dynamo design: 'It will be news to many that dynamos have gone out of fashion. Those who belong to the smart set of the electrical world talk now of generators. Generators—that is to say, our old friends the dynamos—have ceased to be specially interesting because, like the fiddle, they have reached perfection. To those who have not paid attention to the matter this may sound like an exaggeration, but, as a matter of fact, there is not much room now for improvement in electrical machinery. Everything is becoming fixed and standardized—a sure sign of maturity. The limitations and conditions are well understood, and only a few more revolutions are possible, and none probable.' This is from a handsomely illustrated and printed article in one of the 10-cent monthlies. One can detect a certain disguised flavor of truth in this glib recital, altho the statement that 'only a few more revolutions are possible, and none probable,' is puzzling; but, after all, how misleading the whole is! Generators have hardly reached perfection, and standardization of apparatus does not mean stagnation by any means."

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

IS FEAR THE FOUNDATION OF RELIGION?

IN his recent book, "The Field of Ethics," George Herbert Palmer, professor of philosophy in Harvard, courageously accepts and turns to theistic conclusions a proposition which has long been advanced by skeptic and materialistic philosophers. It is that religion is founded on fear. Says Professor Palmer:

"Lucretius defined religion in words which have deeply influenced twenty centuries: '*Primus in orbe timor fecit deos.*' What brought gods before us first was fear. Because we are born to trouble, the idea of God has visited us. At first the statement may shock, and make us disposed to deny it. But my impression is that the more we reflect, the more we shall find ourselves compelled to accept it, and to own that at the heart of religion lies fear. It is difficult to judge a matter so personal without bias. But if we try to do so, we shall find, I believe, that as a fact our thoughts of religion have hitherto been closely associated with a sense of our own weakness."

To test the case, Professor Palmer asks under what circumstances do feelings of devoutness come most easily. Is it when we are strong in body, masterful, possessed of abundant wealth, with all the events of life turning out for us fortunately? On the contrary, when sickness threatens and we feel our helplessness, then it is that we incline to pray. In the call for help we reach the clear consciousness of God. An old English poet has said that we turn to God "when griefs make us tame."

Professor Palmer quotes also from Arthur Hugh Clough:

> And almost every one when age,
> Disease, or sorrows strike him,
> Inclines to think there is a God,
> Or something very like Him.

These persons, Professor Palmer says, have a keen sense of God, because they have a keen sense of their own limitations. In their apprehension of restriction comes the thought of God's greatness. The writer infers that "this sense of our weakness in connection with God's power—just the conjunction which is the essential element of fear—is fundamental to religion everywhere"; yet he confesses that he would be sorry if this conclusion were accepted without modification:

"Even if my presentation has been convincing, and fear is now confessed to be deeply imbedded in religion, I hope it will be felt that the account is incomplete, and that religion contains elements much more important and ennobling than fear. The Psalmist says that 'Fear is the beginning of wisdom,' evidently meaning by wisdom divine wisdom, reverence for God. His thought might seem the same as that of Lucretius. But in the Psalmist's mind fear is only the beginning of wisdom. To argue that it is the end—a substantial portion of completed religion, as I appear to have done—is to produce a sense of bewilderment."

This bewilderment, the writer claims, is the result of ambiguity in the meaning of the word "fear." He says that there are two kinds of fear: one essential to religion, one abhorrent to the thought when connected with religion. One results from a sense of weakness which clings and aspires, the other from a sense of weakness which would abolish and abase itself. We quote again:

"Such are the two contrasted kinds of fear. I believe they both appear in religion. In fact, I suspect that we might divide the religions of the world on this basis. Some of them we call pagan, others universal or ethical; and the distinction marks the different sorts of fear which they contain. The pagan's God is alien to himself. He never knows what that God of his is going to do. God is a powerful being, but irrational and arbitrary. His worshipper can only humble himself and conciliate, studying how to avoid offense. Between God and himself there is no friendly trust. What he would like best would be to get away from God, to hide himself, and be allowed to go his own way.

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This being impossible, his religion is largely an affair of self-abasement. He will sacrifice what he prizes most in order to show of how little consequence he is. Then perhaps God will not harm him. That is his conception of religion, a religion of cowardly fear.

"The noble religions, on the other hand,—and there are many of them,—recognize the inherent likeness of God and man. Their worshipers look upon God as their Father, a being essentially akin to themselves. In His image they are made, tho they are far from filling out that image. He is high and lifted up, the object of awful admiration. Yet in their degrees they identify themselves with Him, and in Him alone can behold themselves complete. The goal of their ambition is union with Him, and they can not be at rest except in His presence. Between God and man there is no other separation than that of degree, and to become more completely a man is forever to approximate godhood. Such an attitude of mind does not exclude fear, which we have seen is always the sense of smallness in the presence of greatness. But the fear is of the noble sort which adoringly contemplates the revealer of its smallness, finding in him a refuge and the means of its own enlargement. Fear is thus transmuted into love—which in all its higher forms retains fear of the reverential sort. Fear we called the beginning of wisdom. Love is its conclusion. Love is the fulfilment of law."

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE MISSIONARY.

A PLEA for the support of missions on the ground that they promote commerce can not fail to be regarded as something of a novelty; but it is made, quite seriously, by the Hon. Charles Denby, formerly United States Minister to China, in last week's *Independent* (New York).

THE HON. CHARLES DENBY.

"It may seem to some fastidious persons," he says, "that the cause of religion would be weakened if any sentiment of material benefit were to enter into its consideration; but as the missionary himself makes use of all the temporal means that are at hand for promoting the success of his religious efforts, it would seem that his supporters might properly use the same means to secure the 'sinews of war.'" He continues:

"It can not be doubted that the missionary question in China, in a purely civil and commercial point of view, is one of great importance. Let it be openly said that if the missionary taught nothing but theology he would fall far short of being the great benefactor that he is. In fact and in truth he becomes a teacher of learning, of mathematics, and the sciences, as Martin, a former missionary, and many others are. He establishes a college as Mater, Sheffield, Allen, and others have done. He becomes the master and preceptor of agriculture, as Nevius did at Chefu, and all the country around bloomed and blossomed with new seeds and fruits and flowers. He builds a university as Pilcher, Lowry, Hobart, Gamewell, Harper, Boone, and Potts did, whence every year educated teachers go forth to spread knowledge and learning among the people. He translates into Chinese a whole series of primers—as Edkins, an old missionary, did—and the Emperor commences to study and to learn English. He erects out of his own means a hospital and stocks it with medicines, as Atterbury did. There are 123 foreign hospitals in China. The lady missionary takes by the hand the ill-treated, the neglected, the despised girl, and transforms her into a modest, well-behaved, educated woman. And the woman doctor goes forth among her sisters and is their ministering angel. The missionary is the leader in charity. He gives largely out of his scanty means and he honestly disburses the money entrusted to him. He is the pioneer of commerce. From his modest home there radiates the light of modern civilization. He alone of all classes has the right to go into the interior and reside. He precedes the drummer, who follows on behind, and foreign commerce has its birth."

And so the missionary is coming to be recognized more and more widely as one of the leading factors in the opening up of new markets. Mr. Denby says:

"In semi-civilized or barbarous peoples, civilization, instruction, learning, breed new wants which commerce supplies. Look at the electric telegraph in every province in China! Look at the steamships which ply along the coast from Hongkong to New-Chwang and on the Yang-tse, and up the West River! Look at the foreign cities which have sprung up along the coast and rivers, Shanghai, Tien-Tsin, Hankow, and others—object-lessons to the Chinese! Look at the enormous trade which has been created between China and the rest of the world since the Protestant missionary got a foothold there! Look at the railroads which are built or projected! There are thousands of missionaries in China, and they bore their part with the Imperial Maritime Customs, the diplomatists, the consuls, and the merchants, in all this progress. They were agents for the foreigner. They were his interpreters—at first his only interpreters. They translated Chinese books for him. They wrote books for the Chinese and for the foreigner as well. They explored China and made the interior familiar to the outer world. One of them, Williams, was the author of the Chinese dictionary, which is the students' text-book. Without them China would be a sealed country today. Two hundred and fifty years ago missionaries taught the sciences at Peking. France, Germany, and England have always recognized their obligations and duties to this class. France has been the protector of the Catholics in China for hundreds of years—a right which Germany now claims to share."

"If it is true that mission work tends to spread and benefit commerce," concludes the writer, "is there any reason why the fact should not be proclaimed, and on that ground appeals should be addressed to business men to help the cause of missions with their influence and money?"

The Church and the Sunday Saloon, Again.—An elaborate inquiry into the attitude of clergymen and religious newspapers toward the question of Sunday saloon opening in New York has been made by *Zion's Herald* (Meth. Episc.), a strong opponent of the proposed changes in the excise law. It finds that all the Roman Catholic papers, all the Methodist papers, all the Episcopalian, all the Baptist but one, all the Congregational but one, and all the other Protestant organs, are against the proposition for any form of the Sunday saloon. In fact, *The Independent* and *The Outlook* are practically the only religious journals of national reputation that are inclined to favor Sunday opening. Among Protestant clergymen, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage, Bishop Potter, Bishop Doane, and a few more have put themselves on record as favoring a more liberal policy; but *Zion's Herald* fails to find a single Baptist or Congregationalist minister or Roman Catholic priest of the same mind. "We speak with authority," it declares, "in saying that the Methodist ministry as a unit will forever oppose the Sunday saloon." The same paper continues:

"No movement that can not carry the Baptist, the Roman Catholic, and the Methodist Episcopal churches can succeed with the legislature of any commonwealth in the land. And when these three great bodies unite, as they now do, against the proposition for the Sunday saloon, it is doomed in advance. While there is reason for alertness and earnest agitation, there is the best reason, also, for abiding confidence. The Sunday saloon,

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with its advocates, will speedily go down under the pressure of these great religious and moral forces which are combined against it."

DIFFICULTIES OF THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE obstacles that lie before the Philippine commission in its work of adjusting the religious affairs of the islands do not seem to grow less formidable with the progress of time, and relations between the civil and religious authorities in Manila are reported as being more strained than ever. The dissatisfaction aroused in Roman Catholic circles by Judge Taft's attitude toward the friars has in no way abated since the publication of his report several months ago, and the current issue of *The American Catholic Quarterly Review* contains a most hostile criticism on the work of the commission, from the pen of Mr. Bryan J. Clinch. He says:

THE REV. CHARLES H. BRENT, D.D.
Protestant-Episcopal Bishop-Elect of the Philippines.
Courtesy of *The Churchman*, New York.

"The Taft commission seems engaged on a task in the Philippines like that which the French citizen commissioners tried so unsuccessfully in Milan and Naples. It is trying to mold the language, religion, schooling, laws, land tenures, methods of taxation, and corporate life of a people of eight millions within a few months. It is doing all this, not according to the wishes or wants of that people, but on ideas borrowed from the experience of a community foreign to them in language, race, ideas of government, and social life. The commissioners are not men experienced in administration or acquainted with even the language, much less the character and history, of the millions whose destinies they undertake to mold so confidently. Two of them are college professors and three lawyers. Moreover, their task is not to apply the principles of government with which they themselves are familiar, but to devise a new system for Philippine conditions different either from what the Filipinos are used to or Americans use for themselves."

Mr. Clinch declares that no parallel "in the history of civilized nations" can be found to Judge Taft's treatment of the friars, who have simply asked "to exercise the functions of their office, as secured to them by the national honor." He continues:

"The question was presented to him whether the Spanish priests, who formed nearly two-thirds of the clergy of the country at the time of the American invasion and had been driven from their parishes by the insurgent leaders, would be allowed to return to their posts and provide for the spiritual wants of their people. The right to do so had been guaranteed to them on the public faith of the United States by the treaty of cession from Spain. Its exercise has been refused since by the will of the generals, whose absolute authority has been the representative of American government in the Philippines. . . . . .

"It is evident that the commission is most anxious to deport all the friars, if it possibly can, as Captain Leary deported the Franciscans from Guam a few months ago. The Protestant prejudices of the commissioners, which in the case of Mr. Worcester are shown sufficiently in his book and in Judge Taft's by his report, may keep them from seeing the consequences involved, but to any intelligent Catholic or clear-sighted impartial man they must be obvious. The expulsion of the Spanish friars means that five millions of Filipino Catholics must be left without priests, sacraments, or religious instruction for at least a generation. There are less than seven hundred native priests for seven millions of a Catholic population, and there are no other priests, either American or European, familiar with Filipino language or customs except these friars. They and they alone have given the people the civilization it possesses."

The Roman Catholic point of view finds an unexpected supporter in a Protestant-Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey, rector of St. Andrew's Church, Rochester, N. Y., who has written an open letter to the Rev. Charles H. Brent, of Boston, the newly elected Bishop of the Philippines, protesting against the establishment of an Episcopal diocese in the islands. He says:

"We Americans are in the Philippine Islands by virtue of our military power. The people do not want us there; a very large number of our own people do not think we ought to be there, and the occupation and government of the islands present the gravest problems that our Government has ever had to deal with. Now if we add to these complications religious rivalry and bitterness; if every Protestant denomination rushes in there, not to build up the kingdom of God, but to secure denominational advantage and prestige, then we make a bad condition worse and the work of pacification much more difficult than it is at present. Surely the people of those islands have suffered enough without having forced upon them all the evils and discords of sectarian Protestantism.

"It seems to many of us that we should leave the schools and other agencies of our civilization free to do their work, and when that work is done leave the Philippine Islands to develop their religious life naturally along the lines of their history.

"It is impossible that any new form of Christianity should take root in that soil. Experience teaches that the seed of the Reformation is sterile in lands long under the influence of the Latin race. Our missions have been barren in Mexico and in South America, and they will be barren in the Philippines, in Cuba, and in Porto Rico."

Just how far apart the Roman Catholic and Protestant denominations are in the Philippines was recently illustrated in a disagreeable manner in Manila, as is related by a correspondent of *The Independent*. On the occasion of the death of President McKinley, it was suggested that appropriate religious ceremonies should be held on the day of the funeral in some one of the large Roman Catholic churches of Manila, preferably the cathedral. To the surprise of the authorities, the Roman Catholic bishop, the Right Rev. Martin Alcocer, refused to cooperate with the civil government. Instead, he issued a lengthy "pastoral," which expressed abhorrence of the assassin's crime, called attention to the fact that the deceased President had died outside the Roman Catholic fold, and his funeral obsequies could therefore not be celebrated by Roman Catholics, and finally announced a "special service" in the Cathedral, not to do honor to the departed leader of the nation now exercising sovereignty over the islands, but to "make atonement to the Lord for all the offenses against Him," and to "ask Him to impart to the authorities of America and the Philippines the necessary skill and favor that they may work out the common welfare and happiness."

The whole incident, remarks the writer in *The Independent*, was an evidence of "the spite and hatred of the friars—still in the ecclesiastical saddle at Manila—toward the present governing authorities in the Philippine Islands."

It is hoped that the coming papal bull on the religious situation in the Philippines may do something toward smoothing over present difficulties. The document is announced as a lengthy one, addressed through Archbishop Nozaleda, of Manila, who is now in Rome, to the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines. It will treat at some length the historic record of the church in the Philippines, its disciplinary needs and its existing status. Among other important changes contemplated by this pontifical bull, declares the Rome correspondent of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, is the appointment of Archbishop Sbaretti as papal delegate to the Philippines, in place of Archbishop Chapelle, who will return to his see in New Orleans.

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Archbishop Nozaleda has also resigned his charge, continues the same writer, and he will be replaced by "a well-known prelate of Western America."

PROPOSED REVIVAL OF HEATHENISM.

MODERN radical religious thought has probably not found a more decisive expression than is found in a new weekly journal, edited and published by Martin Hildebrandt, of Charlottenburg, near Berlin, called *Der Heide* (*The Heathen*), with the innocent-looking sub-title "Blätter für religiöse Renaissance" ("A Journal for a Revival of Religion"). The new periodical aims at nothing less than the annihilation of Christianity and the erection of a revived heathenism on its ruins. In the first issue, the leading article is entitled "Vestigia Christi" ("Footprints of Christ"), finding these footprints in the religious wars of the past eighteen centuries, in the burning of witches, in the evils of the monastic system, the destruction of the civilization founded by the Mohammedans in Spain, and in similar events. The article, which is substantially an attack on Christianity from the standpoint of history, closes with these questions, which at the same time characterize the spirit of the editor and his journal:

"And when, O terrible delusion [*i.e.*, Christianity], will time demolish thee? When will thy last and latest evidences be crushed out from the joyful face of the earth? When will mankind be again united in a purer and higher faith, which will benefit the earth and life, not affrighted by that terrible monster that has for two thousand years been corrupting the truth, defiling the beautiful, and been the enemy of real life?"

In its literary department *The Heathen* recommends the works of Prof. Ernst Haeckel, of David Strauss (author of the "Life of Christ"), of Carus Sterne (author of "Werden und Vergehen"), of Nietzsche, and of Büchner (author of "Kraft und Staff"). A special appeal is published calling for the organization of an association which is to work for the reintroduction of heathenism, altho no special form is recommended, except as indirectly indicated by the books recommended. In the department of Belles-Lettres similar tendencies are in evidence. The leading story, entitled "The Two Sisters," is really a laudation of prostitution and of "free love." In fact, the author laments that the age of "free love" is passed. In another article on "Morality and Christianity," it is openly claimed that the ethics of the Brahmans and of the Buddhists are vastly superior to those of Christianity. In a poem entitled "Gottes Grab" ("The Grave of God") the author sees a vision of the last church of Christianity crumbling into ruins and "the Christians seeking refuge in the clefts of rocks and caves, which become the death-bed of their faith and the burial-place of God."

Naturally the publication of this new radical venture has attracted wide attention, both in the secular and the religious press of Germany. Both are agreed, however, in considering that the editor has entirely overshot the mark and that his undertaking is harmless. The *Reichsbote* (Berlin) declares that the new journal does not rise beyond the level of the famous catechism of radical anti-Christianity, the "Vest-Pocket Bible" ("Westenhaschenbibel"), published by the Social-Democrat Hofmann, which has been regarded as the most hostile popular anti-Christian publication of modern Germany, but has not been particularly dangerous. The church paper, *Unter dem Kreuz* (Celle), considers the new paper a sign of the times, but asks if the extreme adulations paid to the emperors, to Bismarck, and to other modern notables in recent times, are not partly, at least, responsible for such extravagances. It claims that the recent movement among the German students for the erection of the national Bismarck statue had all the form of an old German heathenish rite; and it should be remembered that the new journal pleads also for a revival of the Woden cultus. The Lutheran *Kirchenzeitung* (Leipzig) declares that the new periodical has no significance from the standpoint of modern civilization, but has only "a pathological interest," "being a literary curiosity produced by an abnormal brain."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

WHAT WAS THE MEANING OF CHRIST'S DYING WORDS?

WHAT were the last words uttered by Jesus as he hung on the cross? Were they spoken in Aramean or in Hebrew? M. Paul Argelès, who propounds these questions in the *Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et des Curieux*, is of the opinion that the famous words "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani" belong to the Aramean language, but many Hebrew scholars do not share this view. If Christ spoke in Aramean (the language of Aram, the mountainous country of Syria), the popular interpretation of the words as a cry of despair ("My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?") is probably correct. But if he spoke in pure Hebrew, the words may have been merely a repetition of a prayer, the exact text of which is to be found in the Psalms of David. "We know," says M. Argelès, "that the Jews after the time of the Captivity spoke only in Aramean, and that the passages of the Sacred Books read to them in Hebrew in the synagogs were immediately translated into Aramean. Christ and the Apostles spoke not in Hebrew, but in Aramean. The last words of the Savior on the cross are, therefore, much more likely to have been in Aramean than in Hebrew." The Hebrew scholar, M. Bongon, takes a different view, and declares:

"There is no doubt that in Nazareth and along the shores of the Lake of Gennesareth, where Christ was born and began his preaching, the people spoke Aramean. But is it not possible that Christ, dying on the cross, uttered some words from the Sacred Books of his time, and that his 'Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani,' instead of being a cry of despair, was, on the contrary, a sort of prayer? We can imagine that a martyr, dying in China, might say in Latin: 'Domine, quare me inquisti?' The Sacred Books of the time of Jesus were written in pure Hebrew, and there is a Psalm of David (Psalm xlii.), in which occurs the very phrase: 'Domine, quare me repulisti?' It ought to be an easy matter to find out whether the Hebrew text is identical with the words of Jesus, and thus decide whether they are Aramean or Hebrew."

M. Revillout, another Hebrew student, also believes that Christ's words were in the pure Hebrew dialect. They do not possess the characteristics of the Aramean language, he declares. On the contrary, "El" or "Eli," used to designate God, is a distinctively Hebrew word. M. Alexandre Weill is of the same opinion. He says:

"The few Hebrew words attributed to Jesus in the Gospels are pure Hebrew, including 'Talitha cumi' ('Damsel, I say unto thee, arise') and 'Eli, Eli, lama esabthani' ('My God, My God, why hast thou abandoned me?'). The word 'esabthani' should be used instead of 'sabachthani,' and the sentence is quoted verbatim from a Psalm of David."

M. Argelès, however, is not convinced by the evidence presented, and thinks the whole question is still an open one. "If it is a fact that Christ spoke in the Aramean language," he asks, "why is it that in the supreme crisis of his life he spoke in another language? Would he be likely to use another language in uttering a cry of despair?"—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE world of Biblical scholarship has lost a notable figure in the death of Prof. J. Henry Thayer, late of the Harvard Divinity school. His name is chiefly associated with a Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament and with the American standard edition of the Revised Bible. "Probably since the death of Dr. Ezra Abbot," says *The Watchman*, "there was no American Scholar in the New Testament whose qualifications were more widely recognized in Europe as well as in this country."

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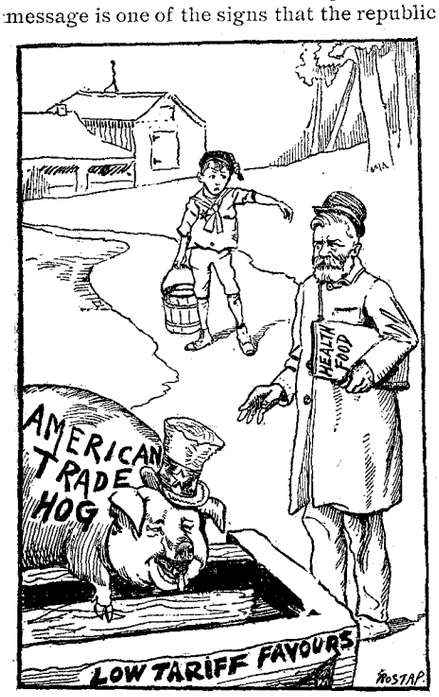
FOREIGN TOPICS.

CANADA ON MR. ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE.

FRIENDLINESS is evinced in nearly all Canadian press criticism of President Roosevelt's first annual message to Congress. The Dominion papers naturally refer only to those portions of the lengthy document in which they feel particular interest. The Monroe doctrine, the navy, reciprocity, and imperialism receive most attention. *The Globe* (Toronto), in the course of an able editorial, says:

"President Roosevelt is a comparatively young man, but his message is one of the signs that the republic has passed its youth. In its gravity and conservatism it reflects the view of the American business man, bold in enterprise along business lines, but fearing disturbance. The revolutionary bias which the republic took at its birth is passing away, bearing with it some evil, something, too, which ardent friends of liberty may be inclined to regret. We shall probably have fewer exhibitions of 'tail-twisting,' shouts of defiance to the older powers, and other outbreaks of youthful exuberance. In spite of his advocacy of the strenuous life, Roosevelt comes out in favor of peace; but it is a Roman peace, the turbulent and uncivilized peoples held in awe by the great powers, who are virtually to police the world."



JOHN CHARLTON, M.P.: "Can't ye see yer gittin' too fat? Why, the Kanady boy's gittin' thin pourin' grub into yer trough. Do try a few doses of my Reciprocity Health Food."
—*Telegram* (Toronto).

In the same vein this leading Canadian daily takes up Mr. Roosevelt's references to the Monroe Doctrine and the navy:

"There is no reasonable ground for objection to the Monroe Doctrine, as stated by the President. He declares simply that the United States will protect the independence of the other American countries against European aggression, and that it will not itself practise aggression. If the United States adheres to this policy, the other nations of the continent will have no reason to quarrel with it. They could hardly ask for anything better than protection without interference, if the United States is able and willing to give such protection. . . . Whether, with increased strength, the temptation may come to transgress the principles laid down in the message, and to reach out for more American territory, only time can show. A nation assuming the rôle of continental policeman may be carried pretty far."

Reciprocity is the feature of the message which has most impressed *The Evening Telegram* (Montreal), and it thinks the President has tried to steer his course between the expectations roused by his predecessor and the position taken by the extreme protectionists." This paper makes the peculiar blunder of referring to the document as a speech. "On the whole," it says, "the speech is one of considerable interest," and it adds: "It can not be called a great speech." The London, Ontario, *Advertiser*, after remarking that "the tragic death of President McKinley has placed a strong figure before the world in the person of Theodore Roosevelt," says: "As Canadians we are doubtless more interested in the President's declaration in regard to the tariff and reciprocity. We are given to understand, however, that there are to be no sweeping changes." The Toronto *Telegram* says: "It is evident that President Roosevelt has no idea of allowing reciprocity to go far." The Montreal *Herald* declares:

"It is plain now that anybody who looks to Mr. Roosevelt to play the champion like Mr. Cleveland will at least have to wait until the new President is more at home in the saddle. The first message to Congress is an interesting enough document, but there is very little of the Roosevelt about it except where he speaks of the Monroe Doctrine. The rest of the message indicates chiefly that Mr. McKinley's successor is trying hard to keep the peace with Mr. McKinley's counsellors, which is another way of saying that he is trying to live up to his pledge to pursue Mr. McKinley's policy."

With reference to the trusts, the consensus of Canadian opinion seems to be that Mr. Roosevelt is not strong enough to deal with them, or, more accurately, they are too strong for any American President. *The Monetary Times* (Toronto) is representative of this type of opinion when it says:

"The President's attitude toward the great combines is evidently one of compromise. He would be satisfied with publicity through government inspection. The combines would probably like nothing better than official inspection. It would go hard with them if they could not effect ownership of the inspector. Who, in the past, has pleaded so much for whatever the inspected wanted, as the federal inspectors ostensibly set over them as watchmen? Nobody. The President's suggestion is probably well meant, but would prove of no avail in any serious attempt to grapple with the great trusts."

CONCENTRATION CAMPS AND BOER CHILDREN.

THE sufferings of women and the deaths of children in concentration camps in South Africa have given a new turn to the acrid debate on the Boer war with which the editorial columns of English newspapers are filled. The controversy in the press was only embittered when the Government issued an official report on conditions in the camps. On one side, the Liberal *Daily News* (London) maintains that the revelations are a disgrace to the English name, while, on the other, the Conservative London *Times* defends the Government's military policy, and attributes the disease and death of the children to the "filthy habits" of their mothers. We shall let *The News* give its side first:

"The general moral of this appalling disclosure is as clear as noonday. That is, the unutterable criminality of the policy of concentration. Let us at once acknowledge, as, indeed, we have throughout assumed, that serious and ardent efforts were made both on the military and medical side to mitigate its increasing and continually aggravated mischief. There are, indeed, a few sentences in this report which are not pleasant to read, and are no credit to the medical profession. It is noteworthy that the doctor who makes the most frequent and unpleasant statements as to the habits of the inmates of the camps, and especially of the Boer mothers, allows himself to speak of his patients in the following terms: 'There is,' he says, 'no such thing as gallantry among these creatures unless paid for.' But such speech and such a tone are exceptional, and it is only natural to find that, as a rule, professional keenness and humane feeling have gone hand in hand in the work of relief. Nor does any honest critic need to evade the fact that careless or unclean habits and ignorance of medicine have done something to swell the death-rates. Does any reasonable person imagine that precisely the same factors would not present themselves among any body of poor people belonging to any country in the world, dumped down in a hastily improvised camp settlement? The doctor to whom we have referred talks of mothers giving paregoric to their children. How many thousands of English mothers have done the same thing? And what basis of civilized or decent life presents itself in the hideous shanties—overcrowded tents, mud huts, reed houses, or iron sheds—in which our officers were forced to herd the motherhood and the childhood of the Boer nation? But, in-

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deed, it is unnecessary to do more than quote the summary by Mr. Becker, the medical superintendent of the refuge camp at Bloemfontein, of wha the calls 'the real causes of disease and death' in his camp."

"This damning summary," as *The News* calls it, of the causes of infant mortality is as follows:

1. The indiscriminate massing together of people of all sorts from different parts of this colony in a large camp, whereby, no doubt, contagion is bound to assert itself.
2. Insufficient hospital accommodation for infectious cases.
3. Insufficient housing and covering, absence of warmth. The tents are thus not giving sufficient warmth to people who have been suddenly removed from houses. Some of the tents are useless as a covering. In many cases also the supply of blankets is insufficient.
4. Overcrowding in many tents.
5. Insufficient latrine accommodation.
6. Slops thrown about the tents.
7. Insufficient supply of water as well for the washing of clothes as for the person.
8. Bad nursing on the part of the people themselves; cold, want of room and breathing space.

The Liberal organ expresses great indignation, moreover, at a peculiar distribution of rations:

"We have now in black and white the admission that the camp prisoners were divided into two classes, the one consisting of people who are stated to have voluntarily surrendered, or to have come into the camps of protection; the other consisting of those whose relatives were on commando, and had been collected for military or other reasons. The first of these classes was given a poor ration indeed, but a full one; the other, including the women and the children under twelve years, were given a starvation ration as a means of inflicting on their fathers or husbands a degree of moral torture such as would lead to their surrender."

POLITICALLY BLIND OR (UN)INTELLIGENT (NON)ANTICIPATORS.

(As seen by Mr. J-hn M-rl-y, and, possibly, by others.)

"They drifted along to the edge of the black unfathomable abyss in ignorance of where it was they were drifting to. . . . It is true, the Government say, that whenever our foresight and our knowledge could be tested we have shown blindness, short-sightedness at all events, and ignorance. It follows from this that, whenever we can not be tested in the future, you are bound to trust us implicitly and without asking questions."—*Mr. J. Morley at Arbroath.* —*Punch* (London).

This state of things did not last, or, to employ the Liberal organ's phrase, "the policy of torturing women and children was soon abandoned." On this point, however, and on all the other points, we are afforded an opposite outlook by the London *Times*. This authority admits that "the mortality was unquestionably large and was chiefly among children," due primarily to an epidemic of measles, altho "the mortality in childbirth has been very high." But the grand difficulty has been Boer filthiness:

"The Boer remedy for measles, apparently, is a tea made of goat's dung, which is administered by the mothers with deplorable results. Another favorite remedy appears to be an absolute refusal to wash the children, or to allow any attempt at cleanliness. Dr. Spencer, again, describes the deplorable ignorance and lethargy amongst those responsible for the children suffering from measles. The more enlightened people pinned up blankets inside their tents, and so made them warm at night; they also kept them ventilated by day, and thus avoided the great contrast which quickly sets in at sunset between the cold of the night and a stuffy heat by day. Amongst the majority, however, no instructions upon these important details have had the slightest effect. Medicines and nourishments are neglected, and the pernicious use of 'arnppels,' containing they neither know nor care what (we fear we must plead guilty to corresponding ignorance), very largely obtained. Children are carried out into the town even, or held by mothers in their arms during cooking operations in the open air, when they have measles upon them. Another report by Dr. Franks tells us that a recent remedy among the Boers, no matter what the complaint, is green paint. Three children named Smith were suffering from some illness, the nature of which he was unable to ascertain. They were painted all over with green paint, with the exception of their faces. Two of them, a boy aged four and a girl aged seven, were admitted to the hospital; the boy died the same day and the girl the following day, both of acute arsenical poisoning; the third child, aged four months, died before the others were brought into hospital."

But this is not the only astonishing revelation upon which the great London daily has to comment:

"Another instance worth quoting is that of a baby named Schutte, aged four months, who was suffering from bronchitis, and was ordered by the doctor to be kept entirely on milk. The mother refused to give it milk, and gave sardines instead. The child died in two days. In page after page of the report the same story repeats itself. A girl in the camp at Middelburg, suffering from renal dropsy, the result of a chill when recovering from enteric fever, was wrapped up by her mother, from her hips to her feet, in a poultice of horse-dung, which the mother explained was 'taking the swelling down from her face.' The goat's dung, mentioned by Major-General Maxwell, is in constant requisition. A girl in the hospital recovering from enteric was nearly killed by some dried peaches given to her by her mother; and another patient in the same hospital was visited by a friend, who brought something under her apron. The Sister asked what it was, and the woman produced a bottle containing a brown-looking fluid, which she said was very good to relieve thirst. The Sister asked for further particulars, and the woman, without any hesitation, replied that it was horse-dung, cooked in water and strained."

Much is made, also, of the "almost inconceivable ignorance, obstinacy, and filthiness of the Boers" in other matters than medication. The Boer husband and father is presented by *The Times* in this unfavorable light:

"With regard to the general order, cleanliness, and scavenging of the camps, we read that a certain amount of work is done, under direction, by some of the burghers; but the difficulty of having it done effectively is great. Apart from payment or compulsion, the idea of helping the helpless does not exist in the mind of the stalwart burgher. Over and over again a woman whose husband is fighting, or a prisoner of war, has to sit and nurse her children, and may ask in vain of a fine, well-built, noble 'patriot' that he will chop her wood or fetch her rations or her medicine. His reply is, 'I have no time,' or something to that effect. There is no such thing as gallantry among them unless paid for, when another term may be applied to it."

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The entire English press, medical, religious, and lay, has been dragged into the discussion, which has brought up the subject of concentration as a policy. The enormous mortality in the camps is denounced as wholly unnecessary by *The British Medical Journal*, which calls for immediate reform and the abandonment of the present camps for new ones on dry soil. It adds that competent officials are greatly needed in the camps, and that the statistics of death and disease in them fully justify public distrust of the sanitary measures adopted. *The Speaker* (London) also puts blame on the physicians:

"The one thing painfully certain is that the British doctors have largely failed to win the confidence of their patients. Complaints are frequent of the disinclination of the Boer women to make use of the hospitals, and when we find one doctor speaking of the Boers as 'these creatures,' while another, even in pointing out the defects of a camp, goes out of his way to say that such faults are not matters of complaint to the Boer, one wonders whether everything possible has been done to win the confidence of patients. These medical men do not appear to recognize that their failure to improve their patients is not altogether to their credit."

As a means of occupying some of the children, classes were formed in the camps and some schooling imparted. The London *News*, which, as has been remarked, leads the attack on the Government's policy, comments thus upon this feature of the camp life:

"We are sure that one sentence in the report of the educational system established in the camps will strike the coldest heart: '*The increase in the death-rate of the camps has led to a diminution in the seating accommodation in the schools.*' This is the writer's way of announcing that desks and seats have been broken up to make coffins for the scholars. There are, we hope, hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who would have given much that they hold dear that this sentence might never have been written, or that there had been no cause for writing it."

An attempt to view the matter from an impartial point of view is made by *The Pilot* (London) to this effect:

"To express a doubt whether the arrangements in the camp were perfect or the death-rate normal was to be set down at once as a 'pro-Boer.' To hint that officials can but take the best course open to them, and that the proper care of large and sudden aggregations of human beings is a problem of enormous difficulty, was to make yourself an accessory to the crime of murder. The Blue Book shows pretty conclusively that the authorities worked very hard, and that the difficulties against which they had to struggle were greatly increased by the habits of the refugees—habits which did not much matter in isolated farms in the pure air of the veldt, but which bred disease with terrible rapidity in the close neighborhood and strange surroundings of a camp. But it shows also that these authorities made many mistakes at starting, tho real pains have been taken to remedy these as the resulting mischiefs were discovered—with the exception, indeed, of the 'half-rations policy,' which seems not to have been given up until the receipt of the telegram of February 27, provoked by Mr. Lloyd-George's question of the previous day. The main error—which may hereafter be shown to have been unavoidable in the first instance—is the size of the camps and the consequent absence of classification."

Meanwhile the Continental press has almost unanimously denounced the British Government for its adoption of the concentration policy. The *Hamburger-Nachrichten* says the real question is whether the principles of warfare and of humanity, "so called," justified the establishment of the camps. Everything else is beside the point. This German paper dismisses the subject by quoting the French proverb which says that whoever excuses himself accuses himself.

THE NEW GRAND VIZIER.—Said Pasha will not "waste his energy in attempting reforms as they are understood in Europe," according to *The Standard* (London). It observes that "the whole position is made doubtful by the character of the Sultan, who will hardly give up what he has arrogated to himself."

THE POLES IN PRUSSIA.

THE clash between Germans and Poles in Prussia, emphasized by the punishment of Polish school-children in Thorn (see THE LITERARY DIGEST, November 16), and the arrest of parents who protested against the punishment, indicates that Germany is likely to come into conflict with Russia in a direction where danger has been hitherto little feared. The Slav element of its population, forming the eastern portion of the empire, arouses in Germany grave apprehensions. "The real frontier of Germany is not the Rhine, but the Elbe." This sentence of Prof. Adolphe Wagner, formerly rector of the University of Berlin, says the *Figaro* (Paris), has provoked a storm of articles from the German press. The *Figaro* continues as follows:

"There are, in Germany, two civilizations that live side by side without becoming confounded. One, German, extends west of the Elbe to and beyond the Rhine. This owes its character to French influence. The other, east of the Elbe, less advanced, or more retrograde, is permeated with the Slav element. The old-time conquered people have not disappeared; they still live under German names among their conquerors. And now it is seen that a new, unexpected, and extraordinary phenomenon, against which all Germany has struggled in vain, has taken place in the course of this century. These Slavs, crowded back by the Teuton knights, these Poles, robbed of their country, without organization, policy, money, army, liberty, are in the act of slowly but surely reconquering Eastern Germany. The East is expanding toward the West and gradually taking its place. The Polish question again claims attention, but in a different and more important way. It is a struggle between two races, and no longer a quarrel between two nations."

The Germans have many grievances against the Poles, continues the *Figaro*. Among other things, they reproach them with forming in large German centers homogeneous colonies refractory to all attempts at assimilation. Finally, and above all, they reproach them with turning more and more toward Russia, and of nursing the dream of an autonomous province under the direct domination of the Czar.

La Tribuna (Rome), in an article entitled "the Germanizing of Prussian Poland," speaks of the "sad condition of the population which the Government persists in Germanizing, notwithstanding its earnest desire to preserve intact its language and traditions." It cites a case in point of a priest who wished to impart religious instruction in the Polish language, and was refused permission to do so by the Governor.—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

COMPLETION OF THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

"WITHIN little more than ten years from the day on which, during his visit to the East, Nicholas II., then Cesarevitch, turned the first sod of the eastern section of the great Siberian railway at Vladivostok, the gigantic undertaking has been completed and through communication has been established between the capital of the Russian empire and its remote dependencies on the Pacific." With these words the London *Times* begins its impressive comment upon what it terms "one of the greatest railway undertakings in the world." The great English daily adds:

"It is a tremendous factor in the political, military, and economic expansion of one of the greatest empires that the world has ever seen. No ruler has ever held sway over such a continuous expanse of territory as the Russian empire, and never have the shores of such distant seas as the Baltic and the Pacific been connected by an iron band under the hand of the same master. That besides Vladivostok the Trans-Asian railway now possesses an alternative terminus in the Far East at Port Arthur shows what political fruits this ambitious scheme has already yielded and may be expected to mature still more abundantly in the future."

Altho formal announcement of the railway's completion has

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been made by Finance Minister de Witte to Czar Nicholas, it seems, according to a correspondent of the London *Times*, that "the large bridges, like those over the Sungari and Nonni, are not completed, for some even the caissons are not yet down; the three tunnels are scarcely commenced, that in the Khingan has been driven 180 yards only out of nearly 2,000 required, and in many places the track is not raised to the required level. A subsidiary track has been made for the conveyance of railway material; but on this there is little attempt at leveling, and the metals are not even ballasted, consequently the construction trains leave the rails frequently; the temporary bridges are not all usable, and several will certainly disappear when the thaw comes next spring."

Other authorities say that only "finishing touches" are needed. It seems certain that the great line is in operation, at any rate. Says the London *Pilot:* "Traffic is at present carried on under difficulties, and much of the line, apparently, will have to be relaid; but still through trains are running, and communication is open not only with Vladivostok but with Manchuria." To which *The Spectator* (London) adds: "This does not mean that permanent regular traffic can be opened, two more years of work being required for that, but 'temporary traffic can from to-day (November 9) be carried on along the whole system,' that is, from Moscow to Vladivostok." And *The Mining Journal* (London) says the line "for luxury, cheapness, and general desirability in all respects except speed, may challenge comparison even with the great trunk lines of America." But what most impresses the English press is, to use the language of the London *Saturday Review*, "the economic foresight of Russia," the same paper calling the undertaking "Russia's reply to the Canadian-Pacific Railway." It proceeds:

"The Trans-Siberian-Manchurian Railway has brought within Russia's grasp what she has so long desired—ice-free ports and an open sea. It gives her facilities for inland trade and places a rich country within easy reach of her surplus population. It is estimated that freights and passenger fares will yield an annual return of 5,000,000 rubles; the transportation of criminals to Sakhalien, the escorting of convicts, and the abolition of postal couriers, 3,000,000 rubles; while the probable supersession of the old caravan trade will enable Russia to save the 15,000,000 rubles she annually paid to China."

The newspapers of continental Europe are not a whit behind those of England in their appreciation. Says the *Temps* (Paris):

"The building of the Trans-Siberian is the best evidence of the strength and the permanence of the tendencies which draw the empire of the Czars to the Far East. It may be said without exaggeration that the Russian diplomatic and military attitude has, during the past year, been modified by the silent influence of this great undertaking. If Russia thinks she can, on the one hand, incorporate Manchuria into her more or less direct hegemony, and if, on the other, she thinks she can allow China in that province a few purely formal rights, without affecting her own real supremacy, it is in the Trans-Siberian Railway that we must seek the solution of the enigma."

After calling attention to the much greater mileage of this new line in comparison with the Canadian Pacific or the Union Pacific, the *Journal des Débats* (Paris) remarks:

"The political position of Russia in the Far East is made firmer by this railway. But this triumph of civil genius over vast distance is, above all, a peaceful victory. It was only just that M. de Witte should be the statesman to transmit to the sovereign his subject's loyal congratulations, for the finance minister found the necessary means for the execution of this great public work without in any way embarrassing the imperial finances."

Sentiments of a similar tenor find expression in such Parisian papers as the *Gaulois*, the *Soleil*, and the *Journal*.

German press opinion is a unit on the portentous nature of the event. But the *Kreuz Zeitung* (Berlin), while admitting the magnificence of the railway, thinks its possibilities are exaggerated. "It will face competition from the sea route," says this German daily, "which affords cheaper and more efficient transportation, besides (at least for some time to come) equally rapid transit." Other German papers refer to the great future for Russia opened up by the new line. The *Tribuna* (Rome) alludes significantly to one possibility:

"We await with curiosity the effect upon Japan of an announcement which, tho long looked for, can not have failed to move her. We should not be surprised if the opening of the Eastern branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway were met by a greater activity of Japan in Korea."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE STRIKE MENACE TO THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

ADMIRATION for the dexterity with which the French premier has deferred the coal-mine crisis is the almost unanimous sentiment of the French press. The ultra-radical *Intransigéant* (Paris), edited by Henri Rochefort, rails, it is true, at the ministry, while a few Socialist papers like the *Lanterne* (Paris) insist that the crisis was "unreal"; but, speaking generally, it seems to have been the impression that the republic was in danger. The *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels) rather favors the idea that all the republican forces, including even the Socialists, united and saved the situation; but early in January the eight-hour day and the old-age pension will come up and, doubtless, make trouble. Says the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Paris):

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, THE FRENCH PREMIER.

"The best-informed speakers on such matters told the workers that, unless a deception was being practised, a general strike would mean 'the Revolution.' Precisely what these violent but confused minds understand by the Revolution it would be difficult to say, but it would not be far wrong to surmise that they mean resort to force and pillage. Possession by the workers of the means of production is evidently not to be brought about by mere persuasion. There is no hesitation in adopting other means. The necessity of doing so is even proclaimed and urged. However, the general strike seemed, for the moment, to affect only the mining industry. But once begun, it was designed, if the occasion appeared favorable, to extend it, and even make it all-embracing. The plans of the workers, or rather those that are formed for them and with which their imaginations are excited, have this particularly dangerous feature, that one can not tell where they will end. The theorists of the Socialist party are acquainted with history. They are ready enough to point out that a 'revolution' always begins with an incident of which no one, not even those who provoked it, foresaw the consequences."

This alarmist view is not shared by the *Journal des Débats* (Paris), which says that a strike of the miners must certainly fail either now or next spring. It says further that when the miners took a vote on the strike proposition, only 25,000, in round numbers, voted in the affirmative, leaving about 125,000 who either did not vote or were opposed to a strike. The same argument is advanced in other papers. The *Temps* (Paris) says the partial strikes in the mining districts have lost their importance and that the workers are "quiet."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

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NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE BURDEN OF UNEARNED RICHES.

THE USURPER. By William J. Locke. 12mo, cloth, 356 pp. Price, $1.50. John Lane.

THE London *Chronicle* thinks it remarkable that Mr. Locke, with all his great talents as a writer, has not yet found the key to literary success. He has an easy style without affectation, a gift for characterization without unnecessary subtlety, a command of plot and narrative and a maturity of judgment and nicety of taste, all of which qualities are rarely found in combination even in our foremost novelists. Yet the fertile and indefatigable author of "Derelicts," "Idols," "The Demagogue and Lady Phayre," *et al. lib.*, has not yet made a genuine "hit."

W. J. LOCKE.

Perhaps he may do so in "The Usurper"; but this is to be doubted. Its themes of love and politics are those of "The Demagogue and Lady Phayre," and the additional study of the poetic temperament, while the best work that Mr. Locke has yet done, reveals no larger grasp by the author of the inner essence of either art or life.

Mr. Locke's novels fail of greatness because their characters lack passionate conviction. Passion in the Greek sense, an all-absorbing and soul-informing desire of any sort, will always touch the human heart. All the world loves that lover who reckons all the world well lost for love. Mr. Locke's lovers hold poetry in reserve, just as his statesmen forsake philanthropy at the last extremity for some individual interest—noble in itself it may be, but selfish in comparison with humanity's good.

The story is a clever variation of a familiar plot. Jasper Vellacot, the "Usurper," has acquired great and ever-increasing wealth by assuming the name and mining property of a man in the Australian bush whom he supposed to be dying. He comes to London, and seeks to ease his conscience of its burden of unearned riches by spending them in charities.

In a castaway named Burke, who is sent on to one of his charitable institutions in London, Vellacot recognizes the rightful owner of his wealth, now restored to health but with an apparently impaired memory. He gives Burke nominal employment at a salary so large as to rouse the recipient's suspicions that he has some mysterious claim upon his benefactor.

Vellacot, to further his philanthropic plans, gets himself elected to Parliament. On the eve of a reelection he is denounced as an impostor by Burke on vague suspicion. Vellacot acknowledges the truth of the unsupported accusation, but Burke, mobbed by Vellacot's supporters, confesses that he had murdered the real owner of the stolen title-deeds. Lady Alicia is discovered to be sole heir of the murdered man, and as she had engaged herself to Vellacot in the hour of his downfall, the property again comes under his trusteeship.

More striking characters than the reserved Vellacot and the wavering Alicia, and a truer love than was their mutual admiration, is to be found in the dependent plot of the novel—the passion of Bonamy Tredgold, the poet, for Vittoria Antonelli, the girl of the Italian café. If this had been exalted to the position of main story, "The Usurper," by another name, might have established its author in the forefront of present novelists.

AN AMERICAN CRITIC OF DISTINCTION.

VICTORIAN PROSE MASTERS. By W. C. Brownell. 8vo, cloth, 289 pp. Price, $1.50 net. Charles Scribner's Sons.

BY his critical disquisitions on "French Traits" and "French Art," and by his occasional papers on themes of literature and art in *Scribner's Magazine*, *The Century*, *The Nation*, and the leading art journals, we have been led to recognize in Mr. Brownell a writer who has drawn to himself an enlightened and judicious audience, whose very presence is a tribute to his powers and a witness to the high worth of his utterances. The attitude he maintains is the attitude of distinction proper to one who holds his special talent dear, and would exercise his faculty in the service of letters with dignity, diligence, and conscience. It has been said—and very justly, we think—of Mr. Brownell's work, that no American critic of our time imparts so sure an impression of force and individuality in the thought, of serenity and restraint in the expression.

Mr. Brownell's "Victorian Prose Masters" are six: Thackeray, Carlyle, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, George Meredith. And the dishes he serves to us in his six courses have that appetizing quality and flavor which tempt one to try anew the old familiar concoctions, spiced now with his piquant condiment.

Mr. Brownell's theory of criticism, as he himself has propounded it, is positive and intrepid. It includes, conspicuously, "catholicity of appreciation" as the secret of critical felicity. "It is perhaps better," he says, "to keep balancing counter considerations than to determine brutally by excluding a whole set of them because of the difficulty of assigning them their true weight. In this way, at least, one preserves the attitude of poise—and poise is the one essential element of criticism."

On every page, in every paragraph, of Mr. Brownell's work we find poise—writ large between the lines. In exploring for the characteristic qualities of this one or that of his "Victorian Prose Masters," Mr Brownell considers his vogue, his influence, his personality, his art, his style, his philosophy, his moral cogency.

He determines that it is Thackeray's "sense of life" that rules in "Esmond," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes." The tension of "Vanity Fair" he finds almost oppressive. The first fruits of Thackeray's maturity, its substitution of truth for convention, "had something almost fierce in it; any one could see that a new power in fiction had arisen." In "The Newcomes," he finds an epitome of human life in its manifold variety of social and individual phases, unmatched in fiction. "It stands incontestably at the head of the novels of manners." The framework of "The Newcomes" would include, in his judgment, three or four of Balzac's most elaborate works, which, compared with this, seem like studies and episodes, "lacking the large body and ample current of the Thackerayan epic."

In Thackeray's style, Mr. Brownell finds the *simplicity* of both birth and breeding; "he writes like a gentleman." His is the opposite of what we mean by the professional style; its repetitions are not mannerisms. "Its ease is absolutely effortless; it is like Raphael's line." "No one would ever have wondered of him, as Jeffrey did of Macaulay, where he 'picked up' his style. Like his art, . . . it is the outgrowth of the most interesting personality perhaps that has expressed itself in prose."

It is with no prostrating awe that this critic confronts the "sovereign force" of Carlyle. Altho he finds his genius incontestable and his work penetrated with the power of a "prodigious personality," he at no time ceases to be aware that "there are few, even of the greatest men, in whom such conspicuous conceit has been so curiously condoned." His peculiar style, original surely, without even a prototype, was not native or sincere, says Mr. Brownell; it was invented, assumed. The style of the "Sartor" was his Byronic collar. "Oddity was in the air in those days."

IN A CRADLE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE REAL LATIN QUARTER. By F. Berkeley Smith. Illustrated by the author. 8vo, cloth, 205 pp. Price, $1.20 net. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

MR. BERKELEY SMITH, who is a son of F. Hopkinson Smith, the well-known artist and author, was for several years a student in the Latin Quarter, and is therefore well qualified to portray this famous section of Paris and to correct the impression, held by many, that it is a region of artistic hoodlumism and unrestrained license. This idea is soon dispelled, as the reader is shown, instead, a region of workers, where there is no room for dilettantes or snobs; where there is no aristocracy, but only the great democracy of art. Whether his chosen field be painting, modeling, writing, or what not, every artist is a hard and enthusiastic worker.

F. BERKELEY SMITH.

And the ruling spirit of this domain is love: love of art, love of life, love of friend.

The love of art has its highest exemplar in the celebrated "Bal des Quat'z' Arts." The author says of it: "The room becomes a thing of splendor, for it is as gorgeous a spectacle as the cleverest of the painters, sculptors, and architects can make it, and is the result of careful study—and all for the love of it!"

After the day's work is done, comes the joy of living. The springs of youth bubble up in the heart, and the students and their little toiling feminine comrades throng to the Luxembourg Gardens for a ramble among the trees and fountains, thence to the cafés for dinner, and later to the "Bullier" for a dance.

The Quarter is notable for its *esprit de corps*. An insult or injury to one habitant is enough to fire the wrath of all. A story of a *mêlée* is related which illustrates the lengths to which the students will go for one another. In this the Government was obliged to call out the troops before the demonstration could be quelled.

But mutual protection is not a question of fighting only; if a com-

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rade has not been able to sell his productions, and the cupboard is empty, and rent is due, *esprit de corps* comes to the rescue and he does not have to sit alone with his woes. His verses or sketches are seized and sold in some mysterious way, the rent is paid, and the happy artist, with a good balance in his pocket, is taken out to a triumphal *fête*.

The Quarter is not alone the cradle of French art; it is a nursery for the budding talent of all countries, from America to Japan. But there is no recognition of race or creed; the only religion is that of art in all its complex forms, and, for the rest, all are brothers alike.

This artist world has also strange contrasts of social conditions. Those who have graduated into the great world and won fame, perhaps immortality, love to return to their old home for a dinner and a stroll. And here they meet the derelicts and waifs of society: old Pochard, once the "handsomest man in Paris," now an absinthe fiend in rags; and Marguerite, the little milliner, who says: "One day one eats, and the next day one doesn't. It is always like that, is it not, monsieur?"

Such, then, is the real Latin Quarter, described with fidelity and ingenuousness by the author. An ideal region, where the devotees of art live as close to nature as they may, and work and dance and dine, with no more thought than a child among flowers.

THE WORLD AND A NEWSPAPER MAN.

ON THE GREAT HIGHWAY. By James Creelman. Cloth, 8vo, 418 pp. Price $1.20, net. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.

THERE are only a few persons in the world who could write a book of the character and interest which the New York journalist, James Creelman, has put into this chronicle of his most important "news" missions. In his preface the writer says: "These pages from the experiences of a busy man are intended to give the public some idea of the processes of modern journalism which are gradually assimilating the human race." They give it. He adds: "The author has attempted to give the original color and atmosphere of some of the great events of his own time"; and no one can read him without feeling that the attempt has been brilliantly successful. The vivid photographic accuracy and minute details of each description convince the reader that the one who writes was the one who saw them.

"The Special Correspondent" is a product of our times. Mr. Creelman has proved his right to be classed with the best of them by his work of the last ten years. "The Special Correspondent" must have an eye that nothing escapes, energy that nothing can daunt, judgment, fertile resource, keen insight into human nature, and thorough familiarity with the important issues of the day. Above all, he must blot out of his dictionary the word "impossible."

JAMES CREELMAN.

The various directions in which he may fare are indicated pretty well by the achievements Mr. Creelman recounts in this entertaining volume. He interviews the Pope, Leo XIII., "the White Shepherd of Rome"; the King of the Hermit Realm of Corea; Count Tolstoy; General Weyler; Kossuth; King George of Greece; Sitting Bull, and the President of Hayti, Hypolite. He was at the storming of Ping Yang in Corea, the invasion of Manchuria by the Japanese, and the battle of Port Arthur; the battle of El Caney, in which he himself led a crowd up the hill, and, wounded, dictated the story of the engagement to his chief, W. R. Hearst, and he was at the fighting in the Philippines. He also has three "stories," dealing not with important events in the world's history, but with incidents severally exciting, pathetic, and dangerous.

The account of El Caney, the interview with Sitting Bull, a Race with a Woman for the Cable, and News-gathering in the Clouds are the experiences which Mr. Creelman tells with most literary skill and unflagging vivacity. Loyalty to his paper and the desire to get a "beat" are the truest signs of the journalist. Mr. Creelman's full possession of these two qualities comes out repeatedly in his pages, but especially in the race with his woman rival for the cable office in Manila. In the charge up the hill at El Caney, he longed to get into the fort at the top to grab the Spanish flag that fluttered there, as a trophy for the New York *Journal*.

Mr. Creelman speaks almost eloquently in behalf of "yellow journalism," and espouses warmly a newspaper's taking a hand in the making as well as the recording of events. The light that he sheds on some points in this regard will be interesting to the public at large.

The style of the volume is variable; and very much better in some articles than in others. It is most "newspapery" in the account of Gladstone's burial and that of General Grant. The author permits himself in these pages expression of personal views on the subject he is discussing, something tabooed to the mere "reporter" on a paper. Every now and again, he has a splash of florid rhetoric and occasionally a phrase of great force and beauty, as when in speaking of the Indian he says: "Listening for the sounds of approaching conflict, he had not heard the voices of the unborn wheat and corn that were yet to conquer him and his ways."

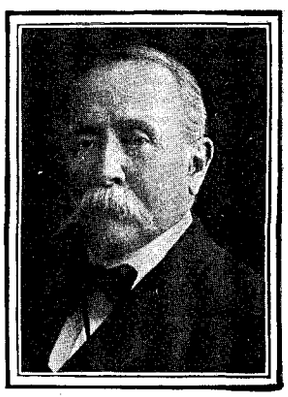
One of the author's little personal touches we must reproduce. At a little Corean port, sickened by the bloody field of Ping Yang, he received a cablegram from Ohio. It contained two words: "Boy—well." It was the announcement of the birth of his first child. Thirteen tissue tags, bearing the seals of thirteen different headquarters of the Japanese army, showed that the news had been carried from battlefield to battlefield.

That night he found Admiral Ito at the mouth of the Tai-Tong River after his defeat of the Chinese fleet. The Admiral was asleep; but Creelman routed him out and he explained with maps and comment the mighty struggle on the Yellow Sea, adding at the end: "It is a big piece of news for you." "Yes," Creelman answered, "but I have received a still greater piece of news." Then he drew from his pocket the cablegram. The Admiral ordered up champagne, and he and his captains clinked their glasses together and drank the health of the little son.

THE MANTLE OF CHARLES LAMB AND LEIGH HUNT.

WITH LEAD AND LINE ALONG VARYING SHORES. A Book of Poems. By Charles Henry Webb (John Paul). 12mo, cloth, 111 pp. Price, $1.10 net. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THOSE who flatter themselves that they know a good thing when they see it will find a seasonable joy these Christmas times in commending to the favor and affection of "all good fellows" these tuneful soundings of "John Paul's" soberly playful line—John Paul of the New York *Times* aforetime, of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and the *Californian* along with Bret Harte and Mark Twain,—John Paul of the "Vagrom Verse," of "Deacon Brown" and "Alec Dunham's Boat." Those who go a-questing for him among the merry-andrews of American humor might as well expect to find Touchstone or Autolycus carousing with Joe Miller. He is to be looked for rather in the slyly quiet company of Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Thackeray, and the later Calverly, when Hunt is telling, with the delectable conceit of a scholar and a gentleman, how "Jenny Kissed me When We Met":



CHARLES H. WEBB.

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing dull—but add,
Jenny kissed me!

or when Lamb, tenderly stammering among the memories, is trying to recall "The Old Familiar Faces"; or when Thackeray is celebrating the glories of the famous chamber where Fanny once sat in that cane-bottomed chair—

Long, long through the hours, and the night and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich latakie
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

or when some fellow calls on Calverly for a song, and he has to confess himself unequal to the melodious task—

I used to roam o'er glen and glade,
Buoyant and blithe as other folk;
And not unfrequently I made
A joke.

. . . .

I cannot sing the old songs now,
It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go.

And so, not in the madding crowd of the trolley car and the morning paper, but cronying in such ripe and mellow company as this, all good fellows will rejoice to find John Paul, and to "sit up" with him, in the wee sma' hours—taking him at his own word, thus:

Friends I have had, both old and young,
And ale we've drunk, and songs we've sung;
Enough you know when this is said—
That, one and all, they died in bed.

In bed they died, and I'll not go
Where all my friends have perished so.
Go you, who fain would buried be,
But not to-night a bed for me!

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

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CURRENT POETRY.

CHRISTMAS VERSE.

The Tidings to Olaf.

By BLISS CARMAN,

This is a question arose in the Norse land long ago,
About the time of Yule, the season of joy and snow.
To-morrow, our Christmas Day, can you answer straight and true,
After these thousand years, when the question comes to you?

Olaf sat on his throne, and the priest of Thor stood by;
And the King's eyes were gray as the December sky.

"Whom shall we serve, O King—the god of thy fathers, Thor,
Who made us lords of the sea, and gave us our land in war,

"Who follows our battle-flag over the barren brine,
Who braces the bursting heart when the rowers bend in line,

"Who hath made us the fear of the world and the envy of the earth,
Whose splendor sustains us in death, who hath given us plenty for dearth—

"Or this poor, thought-ridden Jew, an outcast whose head was priced
At thirty pieces of silver, this friendless anarchist, Christ?

"Is not thine empire spread over the Western Isles?
Are not thy people sown wherever the sun-path smiles?

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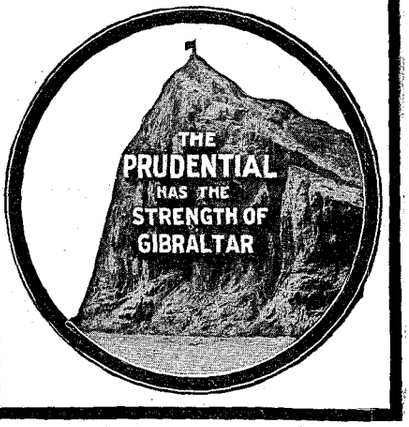

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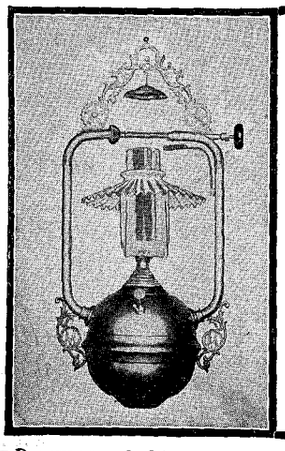

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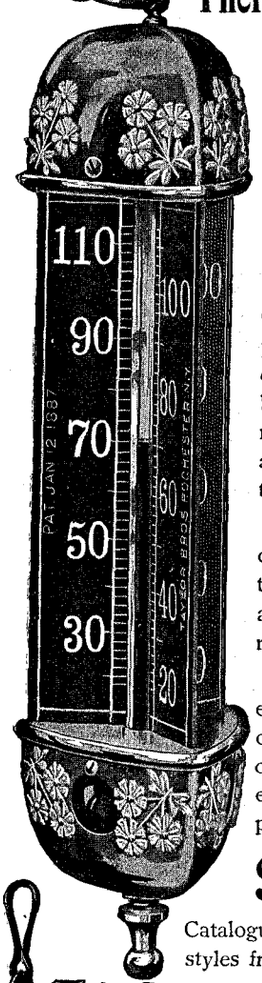

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Does not thy glory blaze wherever our trade is borne?

"Over the red sea-rim thy galleys go down with the sun;
Beyond the gate of the storm thy written mandates run.

* * * * *

"O King, do I speak this day in thy name, or for evermore
Let perish the ancient creed? By thy grace, is it Christ or Thor?"

Olaf sat on his throne. And the Priest of Thor gave place
To a pale, dark monk. All eyes were bent on the stranger's face.

"O King, how shall I speak and answer this wisdom of eld?
Yet new trees of the forest spring up where the old are felled.

"When the somber and ancient firs are laid in the dust, in your North,
The tender, young green of the birch and the delicate aspen put forth.

* * * * *

"What lifts thy name, Olaf, aloft on the shout of thy folk in war?
What keeps it warm by the hearth? Is it the favor of Thor?

"No! 'Tis the love of thy people, the great common love of thy kind,
The thing that is old as the sun and stronger than the wind.

"And, Olaf, all these things, these goods which thy priest proclaims,
That make thee a lord among men, and give thee a name above names,

"Are gifts of the spirit of love. Take away love, and thy throne
Melts like a word on the air, thou art a name unknown.

* * * * *

"Olaf, 'tis Yule in the world; the old creeds groan and fall,
The ice of doubt at their heart, the snows of fear over all.

"But now, even now, O friends, deep down in the kindly earth,
Are not the marvelous seeds awaiting the hour of birth?

"Even now in the sunlit places, do not the saplings prepare
To unfold their new growth to the light, unsheathe their rich buds on the air?

"And so, from the dark, sweet mold of the human heart will arise,
To enmorning the world with light and this life emparadise.

"The deathless, young glory of love. And valley and hill and plain
And fields and cities of men, they shall not sorrow again.

"For there shall be freedom and peace and beauty in that far spring,
And folk shall go forth without fear, and be glad at their work and sing.

"And men will hallow this day with His name who died on the tree,
For the cause of eternal love, in the service of liberty.

"O King, shall the feet of Truth come in through thy open door,
Or alone out of all the world be debarred? Is it Christ or Thor?"

The King sat on his throne, and the two priests stood by;
And Olaf's eye grew mild as a blue April sky.

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Thus were the tidings to Olaf brought in the early days,
To be a lamp in his house, and a sign-post in the ways.
And you, O men and women, does it concern you at all,
That Truth still cries at the cross-roads, and you do not heed his call?

—In December *North American Review.*

When Mary the Mother Kissed the Child.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

When Mary the Mother kissed the Child
And night on the wintry hills grew mild,
And the strange star swung from the courts of air
To serve at a manger with kings in prayer,
Then did the day of the simple kin
And the unregarded folk begin.

When Mary the Mother forgot the pain,
In the stable of rock began love's reign.
When that new light on their grave eyes broke
The oxen were glad and forgot their yoke;
And the huddled sheep in the far hill fold
Stirred in their sleep and felt no cold.

When Mary the Mother gave of her breast
To the poor inn's latest and lowliest guest,—
The God born out of the woman's side,—
The Babe of Heaven by Earth denied,—
Then did the hurt ones cease to moan,
And the long-supplanted came to their own.

When Mary the Mother felt faint hands
Beat at her bosom with life's demands,
And nought to her were the kneeling kings,
The serving star and the half-seen wings.
Then was the little of earth made great,
And the man came back to the God's estate.

—*The New York Mail and Express.*

Christmas-tide.

By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

"Because there was no room."

The blasts of winter are fierce and cold,
The snow lies deep over hill and wold,
But a star shines bright through the deepening gloom,—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

Where man's distrust and his greed for gain
Have frozen the floods of tender rain,
Till never a flower of hope can bloom,—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

In homes that deepest griefs have borne,
'Mid silent forms of those that mourn,
In the shadows that gather around the tomb,—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

Where nations are warring, life for life,
And a cry rings out from the fearful strife
As a dying people sinks to its doom,—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

Room for the shepherds of Bethlehem,
Room for the angels who sang to them,
Room for the Light, in the wintry gloom,—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

—In December *Harper's Magazine.*

Broadway on Christmas Eve.

By HENRY TYRELL.

Tho wintry winds blow crisp and keen,
And snowflakes in the air are flying,
High carnival is on the scene,
With throngs at revel, selling, buying.
'Mid holly wreaths and lights ablaze,
We gather for our girls and boys
To-morrow's wonder and amaze—
Their Christmas is a time of toys.

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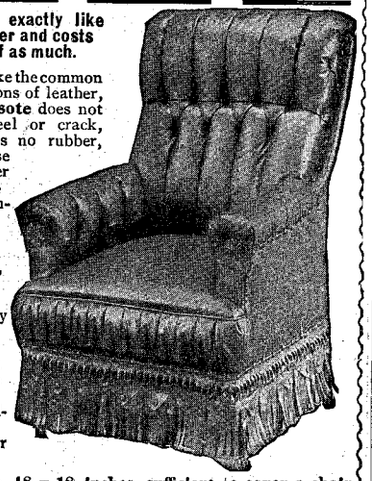

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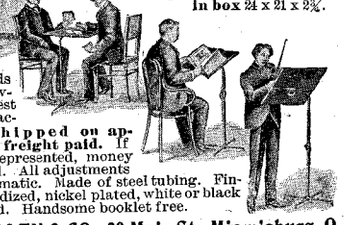

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At eve, on our Broad Way of life,
Whilst sharp and bitter blast are blowing,
The world with kindliness is rife,
As Heaven gathers for bestowing
On us, earth-children that we are,
Mysterious gifts and sudden joys:
And under Bethlehem's guiding star
We find, next morn, God's wondrous toys.

—In *Collier's Weekly.*

A Plantation Christmas.

By FRANK L. STANTON.

We knowed we'd heah de music er the Chris'mus bells a-ringin'
By de col' win's en de snowballs dat de angels wuz a-flingin';
By de way de fire talked it ter de chillun high en low,
En de tracks dat Major Rabbit lef' behin' 'im in de snow.

De settlement wus buzzin' lak a beehive, up en down—
Sich highfalutin' fixin's—sich a mighty stirrin' 'roun'!
Sich bakin' er de 'possums, paradin' er de pies,
Made de li'l' pickaninnies show de whitin' er dey eyes.

We had de *Chris'mus feelin'*, en we 'lowed de whole plantation
Would have a dinner what would be a hongry man's salvation!
Dar wuz thinnin' out er Turkeys whar you use ter see dem roam;
De Rabbit quit housekeepin' en de 'Possum warn't at home!

De table wuz de longes'—stretchin' out so far away
It made you think er sundown shakin' han's wid break er day!
Des piled up wid de plenty—f'um 'possum down ter pie,
En ever'body eatin' lak he'd git dar by-en-by.

En all de time de fiddler wuz a-makin' music fine
En watchin' er de dishes ez we pass 'um down de line;
En we kep' in sich a fidget ez dat fiddle-bow he swing,
We up en lef' de dinner en we hop inter de ring!

Sister Johnson 'peared ter lead us: She weigh three hundred poun',
En she took up wid de notion dat she'd swing de deacons 'roun';
En ter see 'um des a-gwine! . . . Dey sholy 'peared ter fly,
Lak de flo' wuz made er rubber, en would bounce 'um ter de sky!

'Peared lak de whole plantation wuz scrougin' in de do',
En de niggers on de outside lak blackbirds in de snow;
En de banjer en de fiddle beat de bes' er all de ban's,
De white folks des a-laughin' en a-clappin' er dey han's!

Sich dancin'! en sich eatin'! . . . de country's good ter you
When you full er halleluyer en de pie en 'possum, too;
En ef it's wid some ailment I got ter reach de sky,
I hopes de jury'll lay it ter Chris'mus 'Possum Pie!

—In *Collier's Weekly.*

MORE OR LESS PUNGENT.

Incomprehensible.—JIMMY: "Ah! there ain't no Santy Claus!"

TOMMY: "Well, if there ain't, it's funny me father never found it out!"—*Puck.*

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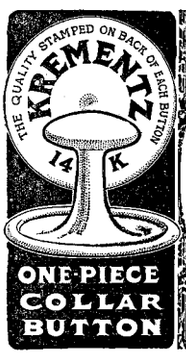

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bet a punkin I can do more rakin' in this field in an hour than any professor they got."—*Chicago News.*

Found.—The man who likes his work has found the philosopher's stone.—*Life.*

Christmas Nonsense.—By CAROLYN WELLS.

They went to sea in a Christmas Tree,
And merrily sailed away;
One was a Portable Porcupine,
And one was a Pig with a Bottle of Wine,
And one was a Popinjay.
They sailed and sailed till the darkness fell,
And the Portable Porcupine said, with a yell:
"The darkness falls,
Get your Shetland shawls,
And come under my umberell."
But soon the sea grew black as ink,
And the Popinjay cried: "We're going to sink!
Our heavy freight
Makes too much weight,
We're settling down, I think!"

"Dear Sir," said the Pig, with a smiling frown,
"Cheer up, for we are not going down!
But it seems to me
That our Christmas Tree
Is heavier than it ought to be;
And I've a plan
By which we can
From danger be set free.
Of course, we can easily keep afloat,
If we find some way to lighten our boat,
And a way has occurred to me."

And then that prompt and practical Pig
Ignited the tapers on branch and twig;
"And now, you see," said the proud igniter,
"Our Christmas Tree Boat is very much lighter."
'Twas true, indeed; and they sailed the seas
In their Christmas Tree Boat as gay as you please,
And every one said: "Oh! don't they look fine,
The Popinjay and the Porcupine,
And the Pig with his Bottle of Wine!"

—*Puck.*

Current Events.

Foreign.

SOUTH AMERICA.

December 10.—The gunboat *Machias* leaves Colon for Porto Rico; more fighting is reported from Colombia.

December 13.—The battle-ship *Iowa* sails from Panama.

December 14.—Chile's answer to Argentina is presented to the Argentine minister at Santiago, and offers a new and final proposition for settlement.

SOUTH AFRICA.

December 11.—Lord Kitchener reports the capture of a Boer commando, by Gen. Bruce Hamilton; 131 Boers were made prisoners.

December 14.—General Bruce Hamilton surprises a Boer laager in the Eastern Transvaal, killing sixteen Boers and capturing twenty-six.

December 15.—Lord Kitchener reports the capture of Commandant Badenhorst and fourteen other Boers in the Transvaal.

OTHER FOREIGN NEWS.

December 9.—Minister Merry, for the United States, and Dr. Sanchez, Nicaraguan minister of foreign affairs, sign a treaty by which Nicaragua agrees to lease perpetually to the United States a section of Nicaraguan territory, six miles wide, which includes the route of the proposed canal.

A fight between a company of Punjab infantry and German soldiers at Tien-Tsin results in several soldiers being killed on both sides.

December 10.—The official date of the coronation of King Edward is announced by proclamation in London as June 26, 1902.

December 11.—A death from bubonic plague is reported from Sidney, New South Wales.

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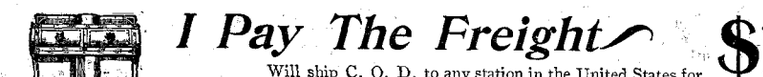

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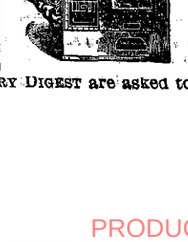
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December 12.—A delegation of Russian exporters of food products arrives in London to study the English markets.

December 14.—Signor Marconi at St. John's, N. F., announces that he has received wireless messages from his station in Cornwall, England, solving the problem of signaling across the Atlantic without wires; the distance traversed by the message was *about* 1,700 miles.

Reports to Peking state that the Empress Dowager is failing in health.

December 15.—The directors of the London and Northeastern Railway give an order for twenty American locomotives.

Domestic.

CONGRESS.

December 9.—*Senate:* Senator Frye introduces his ship subsidy bill in a modified form; the fight between the South Carolina Senators is renewed, Senator Tillman challenging Senator McLaurin to resign, and Senator Hoar questioning the right of either of them to his seat.

December 10.—*Senate:* Senator Lodge calls up the Hay-Pauncefote canal treaty, and makes an argument for its ratification without amendment.

House: Congressman Grow speaks on the power and duty of Congress in legislating for the Philippines; the Republican members of the ways and means committee agree on a Philippine tariff bill.

December 11.—*Senate:* Senator Cullom speaks for, and Senator Bacon against, ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

December 12.—*Senate:* Senator Morgan presents a favorable report on his Nicaragua Canal bill.

December 13.—*House:* The Philippine tariff bill is reported from the ways and means committee.

OTHER DOMESTIC NEWS.

December 9.—The cashier of a bank in Los Angeles, Cal., disappears with funds estimated at $100,000.

The American Federation of Labor, at Scranton, Pa., votes down a proposition to oppose the use of machinery in cigar-making.

December 10.—President Roosevelt announces to the Cabinet Andrew Carnegie's offer of $10,000,000 for the establishment of a university in Washington.

Property aggregating to about $30,000,000 is presented as a gift to Leland Stanford, Jr., University, by Mrs. Stanford.

December 11.—A delegation of beet-sugar men urge President Roosevelt to reverse his attitude on the question of reciprocity with Cuba, but receives no encouragement.

December 12.—Some embarrassment is caused in Washington over the fact that Mr. Carnegie's gift is to be in bonds of the United States Steel Corporation.

December 13.—The findings of the Schley court of inquiry are made public by Secretary Long; the majority of the court censure Admiral Schley on all points under inquiry, but commend his conduct in battle, while Admiral Dewey sustains Schley on most points, and gives him credit for the Santiago victory.

Senator Frye makes a statement showing the features of his new ship subsidy bill and wherein it is an improvement on the existing measure.

The officers of the Navy Department are greatly pleased with the showing made on the trial trip of the torpedo-boat destroyer *Decatur*.

December 14.—Judge Advocate Lemley holds that Admiral Dewey concurred in all the findings except those on which he specifically expressed dissent.

December 15.—Eight persons are killed in a collision on the Illinois Central Railway.

Much damage is reported in Pennsylvania, caused by high water in the mountain region.

AMERICAN DEPENDENCIES.

December 11.—*Philippines:* The Woman's Peace League, organized by a Filipino woman, sends letters to the insurgent leaders urging cessation of hostilities on the ground that nothing could be gained by their continuance.

December 15.—*Philippines:* General Bell's troops are pursuing the insurgents in Batangas Province, Luzon, with great activity; General Bell has given notice to the natives that on December 28 he purposes to concentrate them in the neighborhood of the towns; after this date everything outside these limits will be confiscated.

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"Doctors told me I had catarrh of the stomach, but their medicines would not reach it, and I would still be a sufferer had I not, in sheer desperation, decided to try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"I knew they were an advertised remedy and I didn't believe anything I read about them as I had no confidence in advertised remedies, but my sister living in Pittsburg wrote me last spring telling me how Stuart's Tablets had cured her little daughters of indigestion and loss of flesh and appetite and I hesitated no longer.

"I bought a fifty cent box at my drug store and took two of the large tablets after each meal and found them delightful to take, being as pleasant to the taste as caramel candy. Whenever during the day or night I felt any pain or uneasiness in the stomach or about the heart I took one of the small tablets, and in three weeks it seemed to me as if I had never known what stomach trouble was.

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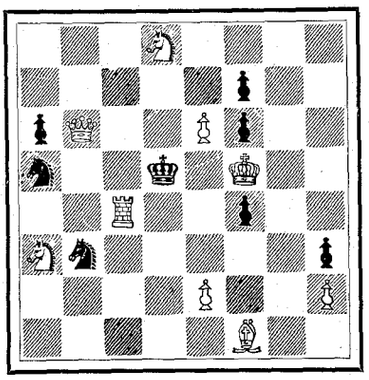
Problem 619.

Composed for THE LITERARY DIGEST

By CAPT. A. H. GANSSER, Bay City, Mich.

Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

3 S 4; 5 p 2; p Q 2 P p 2; s 2 k 1 K 2; 2 R 2 p 2; S s 5 p; 4 P 2 P; 5 B 2.

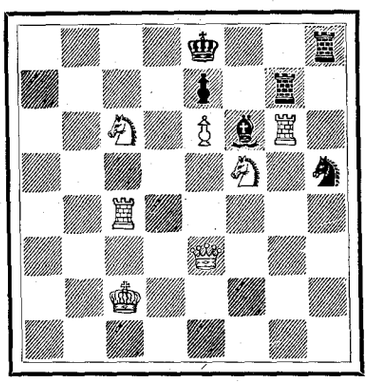
White mates in two moves.

Problem 620.

Composed for THE LITERARY DIGEST

By THE REV. G. DOBBS, New Orleans.

Black—Six Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.

4 k 2 r; 4 p 1 r 1; 2 S 1 P b R 1; 5 S 1 s; 2 R 5; 4 Q 3; 2 K 5; 8.

White mates in three moves.

Solution of Problems.

No. 611.

Key-move, Kt—Q 3.

No. 612.

Key-move, P—Kt 5.

No. 613

Key-move, Kt—K 6.

Solved by M. W. H., University of Virginia; the Rev. I. W. B., Bethlehem, Pa.; C. R. Oldham, Moundsville, W. Va.; H. W. Barry, Boston; M. Marble, Worcester, Mass.; the Rev. G. Dobbs, New Orleans; A Knight, Hillsboro, Tex.; J. E. Wharton, Sherman, Tex.; W. R. Coumbe, Lakeland, Fla.; W. W. S., Randolph-Macon System, Lynchburg, Va.; G. Patterson, Winnipeg, Can.; W. J. Leake, Richmond, Va.; L. R., Corning, Ark.; C. B. E., Youngstown, O.; J. M. M., Philadelphia.

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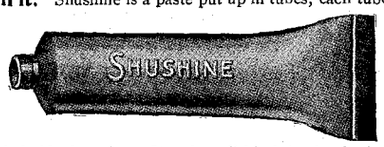

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(612): "The key is a delightfully clever 'bluff'"—H. W. B.; "Quite deceptive"—M. M.; "Very pleasing"—G. D.; "Rich, rare, racy, recondite"—A K.; "No great shakes"—J. E. W.; "Good and crafty in 'tries'"—W. R. C.; "Excellent"—W. J. L.; "It ought to hold the record"—C. F. M.; "Fine"—J. T. G.; "A model of beauty"—T A.

(613): "Leading variations are pyrotechnical and difficult"—H. W. B.; "Well deserves the praise and prize"—A K.; "Splendid"—J. E. W.; "Very fine"—W. J. L.; "Incomparable"—J. G. L.

In addition to those reported, W. S. Greer, Cleveland, got 609.

First "Blood" for Pennsylvania.

We are indebted to *The Ledger*, Philadelphia, for the following comments and game:

"Dr. J. T. Wright, of Hulmeville, Bucks County, a prominent member of the Franklin Chess-Club, is the first Pennsylvanian who has reported that he has won both his games in the Inter State Correspondence Match with New York. The Doctor's opponent was Gustave Barth, of Stapleton, N. Y. Following is one of the games:

Ruy Lopez.

WRIGHT. *White.*	BARTH. *Black.*
1 P—K 4	P—K 4
2 Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3
3 B—Kt 5	P—Q R 3
4 B—R 4	P—Q 3
5 P—Q 4	B—Q 2
6 P—B 3	B—K 2
7 Q Kt—Q 2	Kt—B 3
8 Castles	Castles
9 R—K sq	K—R sq
10 Kt—B sq	Kt—Kt sq
11 B x Kt	P x B
12 P x P	P x P
13 Kt x P	B—Q 3
14 Kt x B	Resigns.

"Anderssen, the Chess-expert, was once asked by a lady how far ahead he could see in a game of Chess, and he replied that when he tried very hard he could see one move ahead. In a correspondence-game Dr. Wright can see as much as two moves ahead. Before Black's last move there seemed nothing to indicate that he was tottering on the brink of a precipice. But he didn't know the Doctor.

"If Black plays Q x Kt, White pushes the King's Pawn and Black can not take it or move away without placing his Queen in take. He felt that he could not continue a correspondence game a piece behind, and so capitulated."

A Study.

1 k 6; 1p 1 K 4; b P 6; 1p 6; 1 p 1 S 4; 8; 8; 8. White mates in nine moves.

An association of Chess-Masters has been organized with the following very select membership: Lasker, Pillsbury, Janowski, Maroczy, Marco, Schlechter, Burn, Showalter, Mieses, Berger, and Cohn. Others eligible to membership are Alapin, Blackburne, Gunsberg, Lipke, Marshall, Tarrasch, Tschigorin, Teichmann, Weiss, and Winawer.

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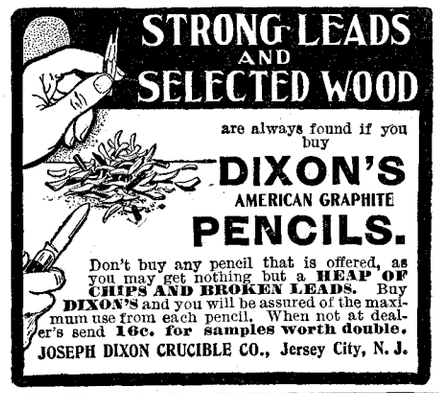

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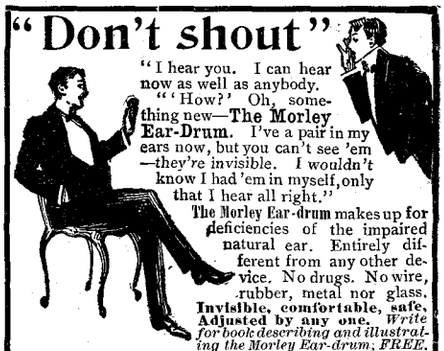

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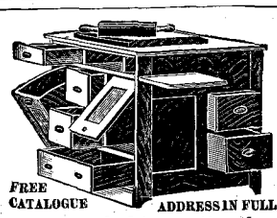

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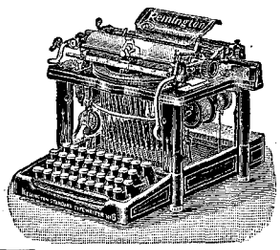

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